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THE WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

THE leading Irish Protestants have decided, by a very small majority, not to petition the Lords to reject the Irish Church Bill, but to ask the advice of Lord CAIRNS as to what they had best do. It shows moderation and sense to have got even thus far, for a few weeks ago the Irish Protestants were in no humour to ask even their warmest friends what was the best course they could take. They were all for the most violent, determined, unhesitating opposition to a Bill so monstrous and so wicked. Now they have come to think that it may not be altogether possible for the Lords to reject the Bill, and that a petition begging for such a rejection might be ineffectual, because it would ask the Lords to do what they cannot do. It is much simpler to inquire of Lord CAIRNS what is the most prudent and effectual thing that the friends of the Church can do at the present crisis. But if this is pleasant and easy to ask, it is very unpleasant and difficult to answer. What the Irish Protestants are to do must depend on what is to be done in the Lords, and it will be the principal business of the Conservative party during what remains of the Whitsuntide recess to settle what it will be wise and possible for the majority of the Lords to attempt. This is a period of repose, during which the general political situation may be surveyed; but everything regarding the Commons is so simple, that there really is nothing so far to discuss or debate. The Ministry has the unshaken confidence of the country and of the House; its majorities are overwhelming; the discipline of its party is complete. If there are any symptoms of change at all, they are symptoms of change in the direction of advanced Liberalism. Mr. HORSMAN, who leaned in a dangerous degree to the formation of Caves, has at length found a Liberal constituency to pardon his offence. But he enters Parliament again on the understanding that he is for the Ballot and for a large measure on the Irish Land question, and he has attempted to gain an exceptional position by a warm antagonism to the House of Lords. At Stafford a large section of the electors appear to regard with affectionate enthusiasm the claims of Mr. ODGER on the Liberal party. There is not in any section of the Liberal party, nor in any Liberal constituency, the slightest sign of wavering, much less of reaction. The very greatest amount of pressure, therefore, that could be put on the Lords to pass the Irish Church Bill will be put. If a collision between the two Houses is to be averted, the Bill must be passed; and if it is passed, it must be passed almost without alteration. It is almost exactly the old story of Free-trade and Protection over again. The House of Lords, being Protectionist, might have rejected a Bill for Free-trade in corn; but if it is to allow of Free-trade, it cannot make a Free-trade measure Protectionist. A Bill for the total disendowment of the Irish Church is a Bill that the Lords cannot like, but, if they accept it, they cannot change it into a Bill for the partial disendowment of the Irish Church. Exactly the same pressure would be put on the Peers to make them withdraw any amendments extending to the principle of the Bill as to make them pass the Second Reading. This is the great difficulty which embarrasses the Conservative leaders at the present time. What can Lord CAIRNS say to the Irish Protestants who ask him for advice? He cannot encourage them with any hope of an advantageous compromise; he cannot point out a plan of battle in which, if they will help him, he may hope to be successful on their behalf; he cannot promise them that, if things are adroitly managed, they will not, after all, be so very much hurt. The alternative stares him in the face. He must either recommend them to petition the Lords to adopt amendments inconsistent with total disendowment, and therefore certain to be rejected by the Commons, or consistent with total disendowment, and then so insignificant that the most zealous Irish Protestant would not walk a hundred yards to secure them.

The one single hope that may, however, linger in the breast of Lord CAIRNS and his friends is that, although the country would decidedly not support the Lords if they rejected the Bill altogether, yet, if the Lords insist on amendments which may be made to seem tolerably fair, the country will not think them so much in fault, and that, opinions being divided and hesitating on the subject, the Lords may even manage to throw the Bill over until next Session with something like safety. The most interesting topic of reflection that can be found during the present recess is to ask whether there is any real basis for such a hope. It is not worth discussing whether Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet will accept amendments adverse to the principle of the Bill. They would, indeed, be foolish and weak beyond all belief if they did anything of the kind. They must have total disendowment, or go out of office. But is there any possibility that, if the difference between the two Houses were only about amendments giving the poor Irish Church a little more or a little less, a Government formed in harmony with the views of the Lords would have a temporary chance of life? Can any amount of adroit management or plausible argument persuade the country at the present crisis to be governed substantially by the Lords and not by the Commons? The question is worth asking; for although, on the average and as the general result of things, it may be true that the Commons govern, yet the Lords might sometimes govern, just as, although the majority of the House of Commons is said quite truly to decide the existence of Ministries, there have been three Ministries in the last seventeen years supported by an avowed minority in the Commons. We are thus led to inquire what is the present feeling of the country towards the Lords. Is it less favourable, or more favourable, than usual? In order to answer this, we may look back on the history of the past three months. Have the Lords up to these Whitsuntide holidays shown themselves to be in harmony with the spirit of the nation? On the contrary, they have, we think, shown that they are quite out of harmony with that spirit, and they have shown this all the more because they have not done or said anything outrageous. They have wished to be moderate, just, and useful. They have, above all things, implored to be allowed to take a real and efficient part in legislation. There has been nothing unfair, bitter, or personal on the part of the Conservative majority towards the Liberal minority. But it is precisely because they have done their best that the difference between them and the bulk of their countrymen has been made apparent. An assembly of very great landowners, of a few successful professional men, and of bishops, is evidently not an assembly which can bring itself into anything like real accordance with the Liberal constituencies. The Peers were almost clamorous for work at the beginning of the Session, and their importunities were rewarded with the permission to anticipate the Commons in the discussion of the Habitual Criminals Bill and the Scotch Education Bill. The former raised no party feeling, but the Scotch Education Bill offered many points for, not only political, but religious differences. Being sincerely anxious not to show themselves wholly impracticable, the Peers let the Bill go on, merely subjecting it to amendments. But the mode in which these amendments were framed and discussed showed the extreme inconvenience of introducing any Liberal measure of importance in the Lords. It is there necessarily discussed without reference to the wishes of the people. The Government, of course, asserts that it is in harmony with those wishes; but this is only assertion, and the Lords, regarding the wishes of the people as a point in dispute, inevitably let their own wishes and feelings prevail. The unhappy Duke of ARGYLL must have over and over again wished that the Bill which he defends with so much zeal and courage had not been first introduced in an assembly accustomed to regard all such measures with inherent suspicion and dislike. The experience of what happened with regard to this Scotch Education Bill must tend to inspire the conviction that it is

only in the House of Commons that Liberal measures can really thrive.

Even in the recent discussions on Irish land there was enough to show that the point of view from which the Peers regard political life is quite alien to that from which the bulk of Englishmen outside the House of Peers regard it. And here the Peers spoke with very considerable advantages. Mr. BRIGHT had been guilty of an indiscretion which seemed to commit his colleagues prematurely; the liberation of so many Fenians was a mistake leading to serious difficulties; the repeated murders in Ireland have excited general indignation. Many of the Peers spoke with great and long personal knowledge of Ireland, and the Opposition was only executing a fair party manœuvre when it tried to betray the Ministry into the suicidal blunder of sketching a Land Bill which they did not mean to carry. Nor was there anything in the speeches of the Peers that can be said to have been harsh, or domineering, or unpractical. They merely asked that the law should be upheld and that property should be respected. But then what they said had one fatal deficiency. It was all from one side. It was a mere chorus of landlordism. It absolutely ignored the Irish people, and their wishes and hopes and regrets. The thoughts that strike sorrow into the hearts of the general English public, the compassion and regret that overcome the mind when it is remembered that there are thousands of men and women born and grown up under British rule whose one hope in life is to escape from the blank horror, as they consider it, of our tyranny, seemed in no way to touch the Peers. An assembly discussing Ireland, in which the feelings of the Irish were no more represented than the feelings of the people of Timbuctoo—this was the attitude of the Peers. Compare with this what such a debate would have been in the Commons. There at least there would have been a play of feeling and opinion, a power of viewing a difficult subject from different sides, a sense of the immense difficulties that the subject presents. Discussion varies immensely both in its character and value according to the moral and mental atmosphere in which it is held, and the moral and mental atmosphere of the House of Lords is such that a discussion in it of such a matter as the Irish Land question cannot at present come to much fruit. The Peers are insensibly moulded from their birth into the belief that the feudal eminence and superiority which is their due may be justified, and is, so far as necessary, atoned for, by kindness, liberality, and justice. How are men so trained to judge of others who want neither their feudalism nor their virtues? The whole cast of mind of the ordinary peer makes him unfit to judge or to determine the class of questions which Ireland is now evoking; but when the audience he addresses and the political sphere in which he moves is entirely composed of people exactly like himself, his incapacity to deal with such question is necessarily intensified. That the country should be governed by the Lords, or under the influence or dictation of the Lords, seems therefore, at the present time, quite out of the question; and the considerations that lead us to this general result are far too wide to allow of their bearing being limited to the mere carrying of the Irish Church Bill. They show that the Bill must be carried; but they also show more; they show that the representative body in England must more and more throw the hereditary body into the shade.

THE SULTAN'S SPEECH.

THIS SULTAN, following the example of the Crowned Heads of Christendom, has been making a speech. The matter and form of his discourse, however creditable and edifying it may be, is less remarkable than the fact that the Grand Turk should have spoken in public. For once the course of civilization, if not of empire, seems to take its way Eastward. If the SULTAN has been anticipated by his great Egyptian vassal in the importation of a Parliament, he may boast that he is the first Mussulman potentate who has delivered a Speech from the Throne. The new formality, although it may have in itself only a ceremonial importance, involves a virtual recognition of the superiority of European institutions; and, perhaps unconsciously, the SULTAN admits that he is no longer an irresponsible despot. Absolute sovereigns, content to command, have no need to argue or to persuade. An appeal to reason is inconsistent with a claim of final and unquestioned authority. If the SULTAN and his Mahometan subjects are really destined to reconcile themselves with modern usages, their unwonted docility must be attributed to a sense of national danger. Their ancestors three hundred years ago had the best standing army in the world; and now, although they are unsurpassed by any European race in soldierly aptitude, Turkey is no longer a

match for any one of the great Powers. While the convenient but immoral practice of turning kidnapped Christian children into Janissaries has become wholly obsolete, more than half the population of European Turkey is exempt from liability to service. The Turks are perhaps morally and physically superior to their Christian neighbours, but an aristocracy, however warlike, supplies insufficient materials for a standing army. It therefore becomes necessary to reorganize the social and political system; and the SULTAN, himself one of the most orthodox followers of the PROPHET, has become convinced of the expediency of copying the ways of the prosperous infidel. It will not be surprising if the varnish of Western civilization is comparatively thin; yet Turkey has perhaps advanced as rapidly, since the destruction of the Janissaries by the present SULTAN's father, as Russia during the half century which followed the first reforms of PETER the GREAT. The imminent dangers which threatened the Empire in 1828, in 1840, and in 1853 have been successively averted; and the Cretan difficulty has within a few months been at last overcome. Although it may be true that while there is life there is hope, the mere continuance of vitality is not generally regarded as a ground of unqualified congratulation; but the SULTAN may probably have been well advised in assuming a cheerfulness which scarcely rests on a sufficient foundation.

As it is not incumbent on kings to write their own speeches, there is no impropriety in supposing that the address to the Council of State was composed by the GRAND VIZIER. More irreproachable sentiments have never been uttered by any Minister through the inspired mouth of his Sovereign. It cannot, in the words of the SULTAN, be doubted, at least for conventional purposes, that, "by completing and rectifying laws the defects of which we have learned by experience, "and, on the other hand, by elaborating laws the utility of "which we have also learned, our country and our nation will "soon rise to the first rank of prosperity and civilization, and "daily increase in grandeur and power." It would have been at the risk of his head that the Vizier of some early AMURATH or SELIM might have propounded an implied doubt in the sufficiency of the Koran, and in the administrative omnipotence of the SULTAN. Through the mist of official verbiage may be discerned a curious simplicity of belief in the newfangled panacea of utilitarian legislation. Good laws have in truth an undoubted tendency to produce prosperity, but the rapid and visible transition from reform to grandeur and power indicates a pleasing reliance on popular credulity. It is not impossible that the Turkish mind, just opening to the beauties of civilization, may take Royal speeches in earnest; nor indeed is it likely that the professions of the SULTAN and his Ministers are wholly unmeaning. Any intelligent member of the Turkish Government must be aware of the importance of redressing the numerous grievances which cause or excuse disaffection. The experiment of admitting Christian members into the Council of State has not yet been fully tried, and probably it depends on the inclination of the Minister for the time being whether the recommendations of the Council are to produce any practical result. It will not be easy to attain that prosperity and grandeur which are anticipated as the immediate consequence of improved legislation; but a traveller who aspires to reach a distant summit is sometimes encouraged to proceed by the seeming nearness of his goal.

The SULTAN dilates with significant energy on certain economic propositions which apparently point to taxes or to a loan. It seems that the touchstone of civilization and prosperity is the solidity of the public credit, which is of course effectually tested by the facility of increasing the national debt. A few years ago the Porte was not sufficiently enlightened to borrow; but, since the utility of public credit has penetrated the Turkish mind, loans have been contracted with a readiness worthy of the most civilized and Christian States. In another paragraph of his speech the SULTAN apologizes for the great increase in the wants of the State. "If one were to say that the necessary expenses of such or such a State twenty, thirty, or even ten years ago, did not represent one-tenth part of the expenses of to-day, it would be no exaggeration." Oriental arithmetic or rhetoric has always tended to the liberal use of figures, although in former times it was not the custom to disclaim exaggeration. With due respect to the SULTAN, a tenfold increase of national expenditure in ten years is not an ordinary result of financial experience. Within that time the expenditure of England has been somewhat reduced, and the outlay of France, of North Germany, of Austria, and of Italy, has been enlarged by a more or less considerable percentage. If such or such a State means Turkey, it is certain that the cost of civil and military ad-

May 22, 1869.]

ministration has been largely increased, but scarcely in the proportion of ten to one. It is true that civilization is expensive, especially when it is created or introduced as a whole. The Turkish army and fleet are more efficient than at any former time, and improved guns and ships must be paid for; yet loans in time of peace are ruinous contrivances, and part of the increased estimates is entirely unnecessary. The SULTAN wastes enormous sums in building gorgeous palaces which are absolutely useless. Barbaric pomp offers an anomalous contrast to the political and economic doctrines which are so fluently propounded. "The facilitation of trade depends on "the number of railroads and roads, upon the employment of "capital and productive materials, and, lastly, on the existence "of a magistracy guaranteeing the full execution of justice." No statement could be more indisputably true; yet Turkey is as destitute of roads as Greece, and the money which might have been applied to the construction of railroads has been squandered on decoration. It may be hoped that the Government is serious in its professed desire to look forward rather than to dwell on the past. Reiterated expressions of a determination to reform the courts of justice probably represent the real conviction of the SULTAN and his Ministers. It will be long before the Mahometans admit the full equality of the Rayahs, but the public declarations of the SULTAN against exclusive bigotry may produce a beneficial effect.

In touching on foreign affairs the SULTAN has only to express unmixed satisfaction. The Conference of Paris decided the question which it considered, on the whole, in favour of Turkey, and the SULTAN is too little accustomed to just treatment to complain of the hesitating language of the assembled plenipotentiaries. He even affects to persuade himself that the friendly action of the great Powers is a result of his own respect for treaty-rights, and of his efforts to preserve peace. It was judicious to abstain from any reference to the statesmanlike vigour which was shown in the preparations for punishing Greek aggression. Peace was maintained, because Turkey was ready for war at a moment when none of the great Powers desired to precipitate a general conflict. The repression of the Cretan insurrection is mentioned in terms of reasonable complacency. The Turks have generally succeeded better in diplomacy than in administration, and they deserve credit for the firmness and sagacity with which they repelled every proposal of officious intervention. Russia, France, and Austria successively urged concessions which, even if they had effected the pacification of Crete, would have encouraged rebellion in the provinces on the mainland. The Turkish Ministers were acute enough to perceive that their patronizing advisers were divided among themselves, nor were they uninfluenced by the steady neutrality of the only Government which they are accustomed to trust. It is satisfactory to find that the SULTAN professes the most benevolent intentions towards his reclaimed Cretan subjects, as well as to all the other inhabitants of his dominions. Many of his good intentions will fail to produce practical results; but a long speech by the SULTAN, containing the most enlightened views of policy, is in itself a not contemptible measure of the progress which has been accomplished.

O'CONNELL.

THE late celebration of O'CONNELL's memory on the occasion of a removal of his remains to a new burial-place assumed, after the short interval of twenty-two years from his death, almost an antiquarian character. The few surviving friends who took part in the ceremony probably felt that O'CONNELL would now find himself in a strange and unfamiliar world. As in his time, Ireland is poor, clamorous, and disaffected; but the grievances which furnish a pretext for agitation, and the forces on which sedition relies, have in a great degree changed their type. A quarter of a century ago there was no external basis of conspiracy in the United States, inasmuch as the great Irish emigration commenced about the time of O'CONNELL's death. It was to France, and not to America, that SMITH O'BRIEN and his accomplices looked for aid; and within ten years the propagators of verbal treason have affected to reserve their allegiance for a French Marshal of Irish descent. It is a more remarkable fact that down to the close of O'CONNELL's career the claims of the occupiers to the whole or a part of the property of the landlords had never been publicly preferred. Then, as now, agrarian murders were perpetrated, with the connivance of the rural population; but no politician or orator had proposed the heroic remedy of confiscation. In O'CONNELL's youth the owners of the land were still creating petty freeholds for the purpose of increasing their own influence at elections, nor could his contemporaries fail to recognise

the evils which had resulted from excessive subdivision. The independent Irish Kingdom which O'CONNELL, with doubtful sincerity, professed to desire, was not to be constituted by a social revolution, but to include peers and landowners, as well as a happy tenantry. It is possible that, if his active life could have been prolonged for another generation, he would have adapted himself to modern fashions; but one of his customary speeches, delivered at the present time, would fall flat on the ears of an Irish audience. In his better days, though his counsels sometimes amounted to menaces of civil war, he demanded measures indisputably just in themselves, and wholly within the competence of Parliament to grant. Like his successful imitators of the Corn-Law League, he invoked popular passion in aid of principles which admitted of scientific demonstration; and consequently the victory achieved by intimidation was a moral triumph. Even in his later and less justifiable enterprises, his objects were exclusively political, as far as they were seriously contemplated. Repeal of the Union would have rendered the working of the English Constitution impossible; but an Irish Parliament under the Imperial Crown might not have been incompatible with the existing order of society. The Union itself was then not half a century old, and for seventeen or eighteen years before its suppression the Irish Parliament would have been independent if it had not been controlled by the necessary practice of lavish corruption. O'CONNELL and his followers were not careful to recall the earlier history of the Irish Parliament before the repeal of the law which prevented all independent legislation. The prospect of success was never near enough to require the attention of the supporters or opponents of Repeal to practical details. If English statesmen of any party had taken the proposal into consideration, they would have been checked at the outset by the recollection of the Regency debates in 1786. The possibility that the powers of the Crown might be exercised by one person in Great Britain, and by another in Ireland, would have been, as far as Englishmen were concerned, a conclusive answer to the demand for Repeal.

The attainment of Catholic Emancipation left O'CONNELL in the condition of a victorious general on the conclusion of peace. His disciplined army, and his own genius and skill, no longer found legitimate employment, and there was a strong temptation to discover some new sphere of activity. His native gifts and his long practical experience would have made him the greatest of demagogues, even among a less congenial population than that which he served and governed. His magnificent voice, his eloquence alternately fiery, pathetic, and humorous, his legal astuteness, his ready enthusiasm, and his real or assumed religious fervour, made him the national representative and organ of every popular feeling in Ireland. His countrymen were carried away by his vigour when he was in earnest, and their intellectual quickness enabled them to appreciate the ingenuity of his bantering insincerity, and of his ready shifts and devices. The prototype whom he most resembled was the Sausage-seller in ARISTOPHANES, who browbeats and baffles CLEON by quicker wit and by superior audacity. An Irish populace is too clever to wish its leaders to share its own unqualified credulity. O'CONNELL, while he appealed with consummate mastery to legendary traditions, took care not to identify himself too closely with mythical politics or pretensions. His sympathy with the religious feelings of his countrymen was probably deeper, and it served his purpose to perfection. The Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy, with whom he treated as an equal ally, placed implicit confidence in the great popular leader, and supplied him with an invaluable staff of agents. When, from time to time, it suited his purpose to use seditious language, no prelate or priest disavowed his apparent designs. His occasional experiments in the field of Imperial politics were not successful. Within two or three years from the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, Lord GREY's Government thought it necessary to prosecute him; and his alliance, formed in 1834, with Lord MELOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, injured the Whigs in England more than it strengthened them by the support of O'CONNELL's disciplined brigade of Irish members. The final abandonment of the Appropriation Clause, and the subsequent accession of Sir ROBERT PEEL to power, restored O'CONNELL to his natural career of agitation. The profession of demagogue had become to him more indispensable than the accomplishment of any political project. He was perhaps soured by the discovery that he was thoroughly disliked and distrusted in England for the very qualities which raised his Irish popularity to the highest pitch. His reckless incitements to disaffection, his shameless mendacity, and his rude abuse of political opponents, justified a prejudice which was

perhaps partly founded on his ostentatious devotion to Roman Catholic interests. Having no longer any terms to keep with his former associates of the Liberal party, he declaimed to excited multitudes on the propriety of dissolving a connexion which he can scarcely have hoped practically to disturb. If he had been agitating for any attainable object, and not mainly for the sake of agitation, it is hardly to be supposed that his spirit would have been utterly broken by a State prosecution, leading to a short imprisonment, and ending, with the aid of a technical quibble, in an ultimate failure of justice. He returned to the House of Commons amid the cheers of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and the more factious Whigs, but neither in England nor in Ireland did he resume political activity. A coarser and rasher body of demagogues began to tread on his heels, exciting the people to the civil war which began and ended in the historical cabbage-garden. He lived to lament the beginning of the famine, and he died at its close, as the inscription on his coffin records, on his way to the threshold of the Apostles. The implied inference that he was a devout Catholic may probably be true as far as his personal feelings were concerned. His public career was, from first to last, utterly inconsistent with the doctrines of the *Syllabus* which form the political creed of modern Rome. It is a curious illustration of the force of sectarian prejudice, that Catholics such as MONTALEMBERT revere the great demagogue as a hero or a saint, because he defended their cause with alien weapons. As he represented all the intellectual qualities and all the moral deficiencies of the Irish character, it is rather surprising that his memory is not more deeply cherished in Ireland than that his second funeral has been attended by civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries.

Since the time of O'CONNELL Ireland has advanced greatly in material prosperity, and the most flagrant of its political grievances is about to be removed; but Fenianism, supported by American hostility to England, constitutes a standing nuisance, if not a chronic danger, and the whole fabric of society is threatened by the attacks on the right of property in land. The place of O'CONNELL remains vacant, although released convicts and municipal agitators are fluent in treason. By a long course of just legislation, only once or twice interrupted by outbursts of English fanaticism, the upper and middle classes of Irish Catholics have been reconciled to the Imperial Government and Constitution. Schemes for the establishment of an Irish Republic formed on the American model, and proposals for the expropriation of landowners, would probably have been distasteful to O'CONNELL himself. The priesthood, although they have discouraged the Fenian conspiracy, take the part of the peasantry against the gentry of their own as well as of the hostile communion. Archbishop LEAHY, in his recent censure of the Tipperary assassins, is careful to avoid any advocacy of the rights of property. To him Catholic or Protestant landlords form a separate class, though they are fully entitled to immunity from shots behind hedges. Perhaps some improvement in political relations may be traced in the Archbishop's professed confidence in the present Ministry and Parliament. It might not be prudent to inquire whether the popularity of the Government depends in part on the indiscreet speeches which have been delivered by some of its principal members.

M. THIERS AND THE FRENCH OPPOSITION.

THE unusual length of M. THIERS's address to the electors of the Second District of the Seine symbolizes accurately enough the position held by him among the Opposition candidates. At this moment he is indisputably the foremost man among the adversaries of the Government, the man whose defeat would be most grateful to the authorities, whose success will give most employment to the Ministers in the Corps Législatif. The strength and weakness of the Opposition are alike indicated by this fact. M. THIERS is a statesman of long Parliamentary experience and great Parliamentary tact. The resistance, such as it is, which the EMPEROR has encountered in the Chamber since 1863 has been in a great measure the work of his hand. No one has known so well how to combine the scattered fractions of Liberal opinion in a common hostility to the Government; no one has been so successful in weakening the ties which bind the members of the majority to each other, and in snatching a vote here and there from the compact phalanx which moves at M. ROUHER's nod. Without M. THIERS the minority in the Corps Législatif might have been a rabble; with him it has become an Opposition. But this success, considerable as in many respects it is, is extremely limited in its scope. As in the somewhat similar case of Mr. DISRAELI among ourselves, it is essentially a Par-

liamentary success. His name draws crowds to the gallery of the Corps Législatif, but, except in the little world of newspaper readers, it awakes no echo out of doors. M. THIERS represents no party in the country, and the ideas which recur most often in his speeches are only partially shared by any existing group of politicians. Consequently, though no man has come so near to victory in the perennial conflicts between the Opposition and the Government, his oratorical triumphs always leave the impression of being their own end and their own reward. They may occasionally influence a vote or two in a division, but they are absolutely without effect on the feelings or the opinions of the French nation.

No one who reads his address will see any cause for wonder that this should be the case. The statement with which it virtually opens would of itself be sufficient to account for the fact. With all his shrewdness, M. THIERS has failed to understand the time in which he is living; otherwise he would never have told his constituents that the great question of the nineteenth century is whether free institutions are compatible with monarchical government. Without attempting, in imitation of M. THIERS, to determine what the great question of the nineteenth century is, it may be safely said that the question to which he assigns this exceptional pre-eminence has no claim to be thus regarded. The reconciliation of monarchy with free institutions is merely one aspect of the much larger problem, how to find a philosophical basis for the liberties which have hitherto been secured by custom and tradition. Every institution has in turn to submit to examination, and to justify its existence upon other than accidental grounds. When M. THIERS defines real freedom as a state of society in which a responsible Ministry carries out the will of the nation freely expressed by its freely-elected representatives, he gives us the form without the substance. Freedom has existed before now in the absence of these conditions, and even their presence has not always availed to secure it. The truth is, that M. THIERS belongs, by instinct and preference, to the régime of July. He has no eye for any wider questions than those which were then agitated; and consequently his programme of "necessary liberties" has but little interest for a generation which has learned to demand stronger meat than the advantages of trial by jury. M. THIERS's foreign policy is the counterpart of his domestic policy. Its character is essentially prosaic. It makes no allowance for ideas or sentiment. It is the very embodiment of prudent self-interest. There is no difficulty, indeed, in believing that it is popular just at present with a considerable number of Frenchmen; for the foreign policy of the Empire has been showy and unsuccessful, and the irritation excited by the latter feature may be easily confounded with a genuine distaste for the former. But there is something more congenial to the native instincts of the French nation in such enterprises as the emancipation of Italy or the occupation of Rome than in M. THIERS's proposed intervention on behalf of the Germanic Confederation. In the enthusiasm of a French democrat in favour of Italy, or of a French Catholic in support of the POPE, there is an element of magnanimity which is wholly wanting in M. THIERS's *bourgeois* anxiety not to let a rival trader secure a larger custom. The folly of the French Government in not preventing the German war in 1866 is an admirable theme for Parliamentary attack, but it is not a subject calculated to excite any strong feeling in the country. There is something undignified about these continual laments that France was foolish enough to permit what she is not strong enough to undo; and when coupled, as they usually are, with protests against increased armaments, they make the Opposition show to disadvantage as the petty and carping critics of a policy for which it is powerless to suggest a substitute. However true it may be that M. THIERS foretold what would happen when the evil was easy to prevent, he will hardly gain credence for his disclaimer of having "used the same language, after the event, for the vain pleasure of blaming."

The increasing violence of tone observable in the extreme democrats may be to some extent the result of what they no doubt regard as the unnatural alliance between M. THIERS and the more moderate members of their own party. They see the Republican cause betrayed, as they think, by a system of tactics which allows its defenders to unite themselves, though only for a temporary purpose, with men who favour monarchical institutions, and who would even put up with the Empire if it secured to the Legislature the enjoyment of certain technical rights. Perhaps a readiness to make this last concession is, in the eyes of an advanced democrat, the worst possible symptom of a man's political state. His feelings towards the EMPEROR are not of a kind which admits of compromise. NAPOLEON III. is to him, not merely an enemy to be feared,

but a traitor to be hated. The most ardent Imperialist cannot dislike the notion of a third party more heartily than the democrat of this type. He can draw no distinction between hostility to the Administration and hostility to the dynasty; it is all summed up in hostility to the man. To what extent this feeling prevails in Paris and the other great towns it is impossible to say. The apparently exaggerated precautions to which the Government has recourse on the very first appearance of discontent may very easily be misinterpreted. There may, of course, be an enemy in the background who is invisible to ordinary observers. It will be twenty-one years next month since the suppression of the last Socialist demonstration in June, 1848, and in that long interval the revolutionary forces in France may have found time and means to repair their shattered energies. Still, in a Government such as that of the Empire, even genuine alarm is not conclusive evidence of real danger. Officials easily contract a habit of exaggeration which may at last deceive themselves as well as others. A bureaucracy is by nature fussy, and the nervous dread of revolution which seems to actuate every Frenchman who has anything to lose, is not likely to be lessened by the reflection that, in the event of an outbreak, they are likely to be its first victims. Perhaps the simplest explanation of the late riots in Paris is also the most probable. Paris, like London, has its roughs, and the rigid supervision to which they are ordinarily subjected must make them the more anxious to seize the rare opportunity of asserting themselves which is afforded by the electoral meetings. That they sang the "Marseillaise" instead of whatever answers among French lyrics to "Tommy Dodd" or "When Johnny comes marching home," may be attributed either to superior taste, or to their knowledge that their choice would give more annoyance to the authorities. Supposing that, in its origin, the riot in the Boulevard du Temple was of this character, the violence of the police was very well calculated to invest it with a political significance to which it had in reality no title. It is, no doubt, desirable that the ordinary street traffic should not be interfered with by large and vocally-disposed crowds, but as long as no further inconvenience was sustained, the case was scarcely such as to call for repeated charges by the cavalry of the Municipal Guard.

Whether the police authorities were acting on their own responsibility, or under the direct orders of the Government, and, if the latter, whether the Government was really frightened, or had an object of its own in appearing so, are points upon which speculation may range at will without any risk of being interfered with by the publication of any authentic statement. The charge of creating a disturbance in order to justify the continuance of repressive measures is so easily brought that it is as well not to believe it too readily. At the same time, although the riots, or rather the mode in which they have been suppressed, may make the Government additionally unpopular among the working-classes of Paris, there is so little chance that a different course would have made any material alteration in this respect that it may have been good policy to use Paris as an instrument for reviving a wholesome dread of revolution in the rural districts. For, at all events, it cannot be doubted that the effect upon the country is extremely likely to be just what the authorities would desire. The object of the EMPEROR, from the time that he mounted the throne, has been to make Paris no longer paramount in France. Its will has been overruled by the introduction of universal suffrage, and the danger of its giving effect to its will by physical means has been greatly lessened by the external changes which the city has undergone. The next time that Paris rises it will discover an additional meaning in the new Boulevards which it has cost so much to build. But the mere hint of an insurrection in the capital will probably do more than either bribes or threats to secure the votes of the provinces for the official candidates. Paris did not use its former supremacy so benignly as to make rural France indifferent to the prospect of its being regained by another revolution.

time that a spiritual leader of the agrarian murderers of Tipperary should dwell on the guilt, should paint the inutility, and should in some degree trace the causes of the shocking acts of assassination which are endangering the peace and compromising the future of Ireland. It was also expedient that, at a moment when the Irish Church Bill is going to be submitted to a hostile assembly, the real theory of extreme Protestantism should be placed on record once for all. It may be doubted whether there is another man in England who could have done this so well as Dr. MCNEILE has done it. There is no trimming, or shuffling, or shrinking from extreme language or extreme consequences, in the exposition of his views. He goes at once to the very end of the matter. He is for what he expressively calls the hopeless exclusion of Roman Catholics from British power, and for allowing them either to hold no land at all, or for providing that the amount of land they hold shall be always exceedingly small as compared with that held by Protestants. What he wants is simply the restoration of the old Penal Code which in the last century kept down Irish Roman Catholics as if they were alien savages or born traitors. Protestantism can only exist, he thinks, if this amount of repression is used, and he has the sense to see and admit that he cannot speak of Ireland alone. Throughout the whole British Empire no Catholic is to be allowed to possess beyond a bare modicum of land, and Catholics are to be excluded from political power, not only absolutely, but hopelessly. They are to be made to understand that, unless they renounce their religion, they are to be treated as recognised traitors. The Church of Rome is, he says, in undying, unwavering enmity to all Protestants, and to all Protestant sovereignties and institutions. All Catholics think that they have a perpetual claim, barred by no lapse of time nor by any quietude of possession, against all the lands of all Protestants. In this state of internecine war, which the nature of Catholicism renders perpetual and incapable of mitigation, Protestants are not only at liberty, but are bound, to use the weapons of self-defence, and to keep down by every means those who would crush them in a moment if they could get a chance. Have we really at this time of day to write the answer to views like these? No possible good could be gained by examining into the value of Dr. MCNEILE's historical or theological statements. Let us admit that the theory of Catholicism is essentially adverse to the theory of Protestantism, and that Catholics never abandon the theory of Catholicism. But, at any rate, we may appeal to the records of experience—that is, to the lessons deduced from facts—as to the mode in which the world is governed. If these records prove anything conclusively, they prove that all the evils of Catholicism are intensified by the stirring up of fierce religious strife, and that all these evils are mitigated, while the good side of Catholicism, which Dr. MCNEILE ignores altogether, is brought out and fortified, by the reign of justice, mercy, and moderation. Catholicism does not change, but Catholic nations change, and in these days are changing rapidly. They are drawing nearer to the standard which wise Protestants consider the essential merit of Protestantism. And how has this been brought about but by men having gradually learnt that Christianity was not in its nature calculated to thrive by differences of creed being followed out to their bitter end?

It is a great pleasure to turn from Dr. MCNEILE to Archbishop LEAHY. His Pastoral is exactly what such a document should be. It speaks plainly as to the wickedness of the crimes committed in Ireland. It gives, in unmistakeable language, those results of his own experience and that of his subordinates which it is of deep importance to the public to know; and it aims at enabling men of all parties and creeds to approach the difficult question of Irish land in the right spirit. We learn from the pastoral that in the opinion of the Archbishop two things are certain—first, that there is no such thing as an agrarian conspiracy to commit murder in Ireland; and secondly, that nothing said by Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT has had any appreciable effect on the minds of the class to which the murderers belong. It is true that these were the conclusions to which the English public was rapidly arriving after the best investigation it could make. We do not learn that there is no conspiracy solely from Archbishop LEAHY, for all the facts relating to the murders show that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, they were committed by individuals, each having some wrong or fancied wrong to avenge, and not by gangs of conspirators selecting one out of a number to be the assassin. The police may not know very much about the secret doings of the Irish peasantry, but they know enough, and the landlords and farmers know enough, to decide whether there is a social conspiracy now, like the political conspiracy of Fenianism a year or two ago. We are not aware that there is

ARCHBISHOP LEAHY AND DEAN MCNEILE.

TWO dignitaries—the one of the Roman Catholic, the other of the Anglican, Church—have just issued manifestoes. No two documents could possibly differ more in the spirit in which they are written, or in the purposes they are designed to serve. The manifesto of Archbishop LEAHY is couched in a vein of moderation, good sense, and practical wisdom; the manifesto of Dr. MCNEILE is an effusion of the fiercest and most violent religious bigotry. Both manifestoes, however, may claim the merit of being singularly opportune. It was high

any exception to the universality of the testimony that no such conspiracy exists. Those, too, who know the Irish peasant best are equally unanimous in declaring that his feelings about the land are far too ancient and far too deeply rooted to permit any great increase in their strength to the vague generalities of Mr. GLADSTONE, or the impracticable schemes of Mr. BRIGHT. The plain fact is, that there are at least some districts in Ireland where neither landlord nor tenant consider the land as a mere article of commerce, as to which both parties are free to make the best bargains they can. The tenants think the whole land-owning class, without reference to religion, a set of intruders who have got hold of what ought to belong to the tenants, or, more vaguely, to the Irish people. In consideration of the long possession of the intruders, and from a sort of dim respect for law, they are willing to pay with more or less regularity a rent to the landlord, provided that its amount is not raised, and that the landlord interferes in no way with the land, except simply to receive from it such rent as may be paid. The landlords, of course, do not admit this view to be right, and it is evidently totally alien to the whole theory of property in land which has been introduced into Ireland from England. No one could think for a moment that the landlords are to blame for not recognising or adopting this view; but the important point, the point which will inevitably have immense weight with those who desire simply to do justice, is that the landlords do really admit this theory in a measure. They have been so inoculated with the fervour with which the peasants maintain their view, that they have come to admit that to use the law to turn a tenant out of his holding requires a special moral justification. They think it incumbent on them to justify those who are shot by showing that, even on the theory of the peasants, the victim of assassination was not to blame. Whether this customary modification of the English theory of landed property ought to be recognised in any way, or any value to be attached to it in future legislation, we consider it wholly premature to inquire. Schemes for settling the Irish Land question framed hastily by Englishmen are worse than foolish. What England has to do at present is to acquire materials for dealing with Ireland justly, and to prepare itself for using those materials in a wise and comprehensive manner.

Everything depends on the temper in which such a subject is approached, and if it is the business of Englishmen to take care that they are not carried away into extremes, either by landlordism on the one hand or by socialism on the other, it is the business of men like Archbishop LEAHY to take care, if possible, that Irishmen do not in their folly throw away the bright chance they now have of getting from England all they can fairly ask. As it is truly said in the Pastoral, Mr. GLADSTONE'S exceptional strength at the present moment entirely rests on the support he receives from public opinion in England. If Ireland irritates England, seems wholly unworthy of the efforts made to deal fairly by her, and reddens her hands in a succession of secret murders, the best feelings of England may die away, and the worst come into fearful activity. The Archbishop, however, goes far beyond merely entreating his countrymen not to shoot unoffending, unsuspecting men from behind walls and trees. He appeals to them to trust Imperial legislation. He points out to them that, if they do trust it, they may really hope to get from the Parliament at Westminster all that it can be for their true good to have. This, we believe, is not going in the least beyond a true description of what England is willing to do for Ireland. There is a right mind and a right spirit, as regards Ireland, which the Liberal constituencies will not put away from them except under great provocation; and the agrarian murderer is the only person from whom this provocation is likely to come, if peace is preserved between England and foreign Powers. A war may, undoubtedly, betray a sympathy in Ireland with the enemy which would overwhelm England with surprise and indignation; but, so far as political foresight can reach, we may safely say that, if the Irish assassins do not spoil the prospect, the Irish Church Bill will become law this Session, and will be followed by an Irish Land Bill next Session. It is so important that property should have its due rights maintained, and it is so dangerous to dally with schemes of communism, that Englishmen may be very well satisfied that the Land question should have been first ventilated by the Peers, and that the first appeal to public opinion in England should have been made by the great proprietors, and their case set up as needing to be shaken on very good grounds if it is to be shaken at all. But Irishmen may rely that England will in turn hear other people too, and that the subject, before it is done with, will be considered,

not only as it regards the passions and interests of individuals, but also as it affects the whole Imperial policy of the United Kingdom.

SPAIN.

THE majority of the Spanish Cortes, although it has not yet discovered a King, is determined to found or to retain a Kingdom. It may be conjectured that the motives by which its decision has been influenced are chiefly negative, arising from the uneasiness and alarm which are associated with the name of a Republic. In all parts of Europe, and especially in Spain, the most active Republicans are the assailants, not only of royalty and of privilege, but of property, of social arrangements, and of religious creeds. In the great cities of France extreme Republicans affect to regard the Democrats who hold the faith of 1848 as antiquated pretenders, incapable, through cowardice or dullness, of understanding the true meaning of equality and freedom. The party of innovation, even where it is strictly moderate, or even aristocratic, always shares the discredit which attaches to revolutionary extremes. When JOHNSON asserted that the Devil was the first Whig, he can scarcely have thought that WALPOLE, PELHAM, CHATHAM, and BURKE were irreconcilable enemies of order. The more temperate Republicans in all countries aspire to the American type of democracy, which is liable to the charge rather of prosaic monotony than of dangerous originality. The Spanish Republicans who stand on the same level with Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. LINCOLN would have little difficulty in establishing the form of government which they approve, if they could dissolve their unwilling connexion with orators who denounce Christianity and property as mischievous superstitions. The Cortes are determined that no system shall be at present adopted which will appear to the community at large as a symbol of subversion and anarchy. The Crown is accordingly still to be the object of constitutional veneration, although it must for a time hang on a bush, in the form of a regency. It is believed to be nearly settled that SERRANO is to exercise the Royal power in the name, not of an absentee, or of a minor, but of a King who has still to be elected; and the Assembly which applauds the eloquence of democratic opponents of the project will probably decline to accept their guidance. According to the legal maxim, that is certain which can be ascertained; nor is it doubtful that the Cortes has full legal capacity to designate the future sovereign. The moral difficulty of a choice only increases with delay, and an indefinite interregnum might be thought scarcely distinguishable from a provisional Republic; yet an ingenious Conservative would contend that the principle of monarchy must be inherently sound, when its abstract expediency is successfully asserted in the absence of any concrete or personal representative. It is perfectly true that the countries where royalty is most firmly established have the smallest difficulty in dispensing with the actual intervention of the sovereign. GEORGE III. was, during several years of his reign before his final illness, frequently incapable, from insanity, of transacting any kind of business. The Ministers made it their business to conceal the temporary aberrations, and Parliament deliberately connived at the irregularity. On one or two occasions both Houses ordered the Great Seal to be affixed to Acts which they had passed; and a daring Chancellor once ventured to consummate a similar fiction on his own responsibility. A superficial theorist might have supposed that a prerogative which could be so paradoxically treated had become insignificant or obsolete; yet personal loyalty was to that generation a genuine feeling, and there was scarcely a professed republican in the United Kingdom. The supporters of monarchy in Spain, although they are guided by considerations of utility, are not unmindful of the influence of a Crown on the popular imagination.

Some of the arguments of the Republican party, although to Englishmen they seem inconclusive, may perhaps have been well adapted to a Spanish audience. The effect of first principles and of antithetic generalities in Parliamentary debate is in exact proportion to the political inexperience of speakers and listeners. No man of business cares for the see-saw formulas by which it may be demonstrated that, if he is not to oscillate to the left, he must swing to the right. Mr. GARRIDO, in an eloquent argument for a Republic, lately proved, to the satisfaction of his party, that the national sovereignty was incompatible with hereditary monarchy, because there cannot be two sovereign powers. It is evident that the inconsistency depends on a tacit and double assumption, that a king must be absolutely as well as nominally inviolable, and that a free nation

can practically recast all its institutions at pleasure. It might have been thought that the summary deposition of ISABELLA II. furnished a sufficient illustration of the ultimate responsibility of kings. The people, according to Mr. GARRIDO, abdicate their rights by delegating them to any authorities which are not moveable and revocable; but the term of office of a President or of a Deputy is in theory as inconsistent with so-called national sovereignty as the duration of a dynasty. Ancient Greek politicians thought that the distinctive excellence of a republic or free commonwealth was the subordination of arbitrary discretion to fixed and immutable laws. The Athenians were so profoundly convinced of the possibility of illegal legislation as to hold the proposer of a decree which might perhaps have been unanimously passed by the sovereign Assembly accountable during an indefinite time, in life and in goods, for the lawfulness of the measure. The Americans, after submitting for seventy years to the restraints of a written Constitution, are now anxiously concealing from themselves, by evasions and legal fictions, their gradual resumption of the full powers which are regarded by Spanish Republicans as the essence of national sovereignty. In another part of his speech Mr. GARRIDO contended, with force and plausibility, that the adoption of the Republic would strengthen the cause of authority and law. It seems not impossible that, in the first instance, or perhaps permanently, a formal concession to popular demands might detach the moderate Republicans from their revolutionary allies. Spaniards alone can judge of the comparative advantages which might accrue to the cause of order from either of the opposite systems; and the solution preferred by the majority of the Cortes may be fairly supposed to correspond with the deliberate judgment of the nation. It may be assumed that the unasked advice of GARIBALDI will, if it is noticed at all, be regarded as an impertinence. It is unlucky that a gallant and profoundly ignorant adventurer should mistake his own vocation so entirely as to affect the character of a cosmopolitan promoter of republics. The Spaniards, whatever may be their defects, have nothing to learn from the contriver of Aspromonte and Mentana. The Republican party will not acquire or deserve general confidence by seceding from the Cortes, in accordance with the advice of some of their leaders, when the monarchy is finally sanctioned. The unwillingness of minorities to submit to constitutional defeats is one of the principal impediments to free government in Continental Europe. In the United States the divine right of the majority has never been questioned but once, and the deviation from established rule cost half a million of lives, and a thousand millions sterling in money. The clerical Deputies who have already left the Cortes may be excused for abandoning an impossible position. The accidental excavations which have discovered the corpses of murdered heretics in the Burning Place of the Cross would alone have determined the Cortes to reject the pretensions of the clergy to the maintenance of ecclesiastical supremacy.

Thoughtful Spanish politicians probably attach greater importance to the constitution of the army than even to conflicting forms of government. For many years there has been no instance of a political revolution accomplished by any other than military agency, and there is sufficient ground for the warning addressed to the Cortes by TOPETE in last Thursday's sitting as to the natural termination of an indefinitely prolonged period of suspense. The chiefs of the army and navy who dethroned Queen ISABELLA still form the Executive Government, and one of them is universally believed to have no intention of relinquishing his actual power. SERRANO may be Regent, but the Commander-in-Chief, as long as he retains his post, will be Regent over him. A general, however, is, as TALBOT told the treacherous Countess, nothing without the soldiers who are the limbs and sinews of his power. The problem to be solved by PRIM is the replenishing of the ranks at the end of existing terms of service. The conscription, which is in France almost popular except with its victims, is the object of universal detestation in Spain. At the same time every statesman worthy of the name condemns the principle of a National Guard, or, in the language of a former advocate of the system, the organization of bayonets which think. An enormous bounty fails to attract volunteers, and consequently, if an army is to be maintained, compulsory enlistment is unavoidable. Spain is in no danger of invasion from abroad, but it is difficult to understand how any Government can dispense with the command of a considerable armed force for the suppression of disorder. The insurrections of Cadiz and of Malaga would have triumphed if the Ministers had not been able to despatch regular troops to the seats of rebellion. It is also certain that, but for reinforce-

ments despatched to the aid of the colonial Government, Cuba would have been lost. The article in the Constitution which declares that all Spaniards are bound to aid in the national defence, although it seems primarily to point only to defensive armaments, will, under the pressure of necessity, be held to authorize a conscription. If political questions must unfortunately be decided by superior force, it is, on the whole, better to rely on a regular army than on irregular bands.

THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS BILL.

THE Endowed Schools Bill has emerged from the Select Committee to which it had been referred, and the reference has not been fruitless. The Bill, as prepared by the Government, consisted of two distinct portions—a provisional measure by which existing schools were to be improved and the means for establishing new middle schools were to be found; and the machinery of a permanent Schools Commission, under the authority of which all these schools, new and old, were to be maintained in efficiency. Obviously there was no immediate occasion for doing the two things at once. The venerable precedent of Mrs. GLASSE's hare seems here to apply, and the prudent example set in University reform, in which the authorities were offered time and opportunity to reform themselves, with the still more recent instance of postponing the future relations between the disendowed Irish Church to the greater and preliminary necessity of disendowment, has not been thrown away on the Select Committee. The original Bill of the Government has been cut in two, and the Select Committee have only retained the provisional half; and it is understood that the measure for constituting the permanent and executive Educational Council will be postponed till the next Session, already so rich in golden promises. Most of the objections—and they were not very formidable—urged by ourselves and others against the first part of Mr. FORSTER's original Bill have been fairly canvassed and met; and, as it is acknowledged on all hands that no reasonable objection can be taken to its provisions in their amended shape, there can be no doubt that the Bill will be passed with little or no opposition. In one quarter, that of the trustees of the multitudinous charities of the City of London, an organized and formidable opposition, based on no unreasonable grounds, to some of the provisions for dealing with charitable endowments left for other than educational purposes, has signified from Sion College its intention of offering no objection to the amended Bill.

The first objection felt in several quarters to the Bill in general was that it was rather like legislation under panic. The defects of many endowed schools were so scandalous that there was a temptation to pass a crude and hasty measure; and in the zeal of many promoters of middle-class education there was, or there was suspected to be, something of one-sidedness and crotchetiness, and at least an excess of anxiety for an immediate and pressing object, scarcely weighted by sufficient discretion and temperance in dealing with so delicate a question as that of conciliating, while superseding, local authorities. Nor are we quite assured that public opinion is sufficiently matured to make it practicable to do the whole thing out of hand. A temporary Commission clearing the ground, inviting internal reforms in old and badly-managed schools, settling principles by which useless endowments have to be utilized, creating and educating a general interest in the subject, will render the work of the permanent Commission comparatively easy, will give everybody time for mastering a subject about which public knowledge is vague, and public interest not very active. Most of the local objections will melt away when time is given to local authorities both to think over the necessity of reform and to settle for themselves what form of organization for a purpose strange and unfamiliar to them old institutions and endowments should take.

We proceed to specify the modifications introduced by the Select Committee. In the original measure, as relating to existing schools, and providing for the future that no special religious instruction should be enforced in the re-settled schools, it was assumed that a school had no religion in particular, unless where expressly named by the founder, or by the constitution given at the foundation of the school. In these cases, and in these alone, the existing religious or denominational character was not to be interfered with; but this religious character must be proved by documentary evidence. In the amended Bill, specific religious instruction settled, not from the date of the institution, but within fifty years of the founder's death, is to be held sufficient proof of a special and denominational religious character, and secures the school from non-interference in the existing religious instruction.

The original Bill excepted from its operation foundations not more than thirty years old; in the amended Bill this age of non-exemption has been prolonged to fifty years. Again, in the original Bill the initiation of new schemes was in all cases to be left to the Commissioners. The Commissioners were to construct the new constitution, and send it down to the local authorities and governing bodies, to whom was left the power of objecting and suggesting modifications, but nothing more. In the amended Bill, a somewhat complex sliding scale of initiating reforms and new constitutions has been adopted in the case of large endowments (1) of more than 10,000*l.* a year, (2) of more than 2,000*l.* a year, and (3) in the case of wholly educational endowments of a gross amount exceeding 1,000*l.* a year. In class 1 the governing body is allowed twelve months, and in classes 2 and 3 six months, to start and propose a prior and initial scheme of reform and re-appropriation of their funds, which local propositions and schemes are to take precedence of any draft scheme from the Commissioners. In the case of lesser endowments the governing body may propose an alternative and confronting scheme with that drafted by the Commissioners, and may insist on its being considered concurrently with that of the Commissioners.

Mr. FORSTER'S Bill proposed that, in the case of doles in money or kind, marriage-portions, endowments for the redemption of prisoners for debt and captives in slavery, *loans*, and other miscellaneous and effete charities, the Charity Commissioners might confiscate or appropriate such endowments for the purposes of middle-class education. This is the clause which provoked such strong objection in the City, seeing that it not only superseded all local authorities, but drew no distinction between large and small parishes, in some of which the endowments for apprentice fees and loans were found to be very useful. In the amended measure the *loan* endowments are omitted, and in all other cases of such miscellaneous endowments and charitable funds they can only be diverted from their original purpose on the petition of the trustees and governing bodies, while security is to be taken that, on their re-appropriation and re-settlement, the interests of persons in the same class of life as those for whose benefit they were originally given shall be maintained. Further, in the original measure no appeal was given to a Head-master, dismissed at the pleasure of the Commission; in the amended Bill this appeal is recognised and provided for, though not very clearly. And, finally, in the Bill as amended by the Select Committee, the security of the non-educational parts of mixed foundations is better provided for.

One provision of the original measure which may be thought open to controversy is left untouched—namely, the period of three years within which the powers of the temporary Commission are to be exercised. And we may add that, while quite sufficiently stringent powers are given to the Commissioners to dismiss an incompetent master, we might wish that a parallel discretion had been left to them of deposing any governor or trustee whose continuance in office might be found prejudicial to the foundation. But, on the whole, little fault is to be found with the amended measure. As regards the general object—that of the reform of our wasted endowments—no difference of opinion prevails; and while, on the one hand, the important principle is conceded that charitable endowments which are not now applied to education cannot be so applied without the consent of the existing local authorities and governing bodies, on the other hand, the most questionable features of the original Bill, which are chiefly to be found in the second part, are at least postponed. We may well wait for what is most important, the character of the proposed permanent Commissioners, on which the success of any legislation must mainly depend. Their names, numbers, and personal qualifications are all of the first moment. We should hope that the same temperate and conciliatory spirit which has animated the Select Committee will have its influence in settling the permanent provisions of the measure. We shall have ample time and opportunity to canvass the propriety of excluding from the operation of the Bill the seven greater schools, for the inclusion of which Dr. TEMPLE, so far at least as Rugby is concerned, so strenuously appeals. It is argued, and the argument appears to be weighty, that the proposed examination of all endowed schools coming under the Act by examiners appointed by the permanent Educational Council will give rise to many practical difficulties. The powers of such examiners will have to be strictly defined. Already in primary schools the crotchetts and special tastes of particular school inspectors are too carefully studied by village masters and mistresses; and the whole cause of middle-class education would suffer under examiners with a twist, a bias, and a specialty, as they say.

Again, to require a certificate of fitness for a head-mastership to be granted by the Educational Council, or by the Committee of Council on Education, in the case of graduates even in honours, would undoubtedly have only the effect of discouraging men of high attainments from taking the office in grammar and middle schools. These are the most prominent defects of the second, and postponed, portion of the Government measure. And before we quit the subject we may be allowed to remark that, in settling the future of these middle-class and endowed schools, it must be borne in mind that no cast-iron and uniform scheme ought to be assumed either by the Permanent Commissioners or their Examiners. There will be middle schools and middle schools; and just as middle-class society and middle-class requirements shade off into those of the higher and lower social ranks, so ought the schools and their education to do. There ought to be at least a first-class, upper middle-class, middle-class, and lower middle-class. The Inquiry Commissioners have already, it is feared in some quarters, betrayed something of a *doctrinaire* character in what they have forecast as the ideal of the standard-middle school. Machine-made schools and machine-made masters and an unelastic examination will certainly not perpetuate the present abuses and defects of English education, but they will import new ones.

THE MONEY-MARKET.

THE recent advance in the price of money is by no means the worst of the symptoms that have clouded the aspect of trade for the last two or three years. That money should be comparatively scarce is a less serious indication than that money should be as plentiful as the market rates showed it to be for month after month, and almost year after year, and yet that the industrial enterprise of the country should have sunk to so low an ebb as to be unable to employ it to advantage. Ever since the last panic, now so far back as to be almost an historical event, trade has languished as it never languished in this country before. Some improvement has been traceable within the last few months, and, to some slight extent, the increased demand for money may be due to greater commercial activity. But the recovery has as yet been so slight that it is impossible to attribute to it effects so considerable as to have raised the rate of discount from 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. up to the present standard of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The movement seems rather to be due to the lack than the excess of activity at home. When it was suddenly discovered that Companies with an aggregate nominal capital far exceeding 100,000,000*l.* were worthless bubbles, that more than 20,000,000*l.* had been actually paid up for the benefit of promoters and financial agents, and of scarcely any one besides, when some of the largest railway undertakings were so discredited by fraud and extravagance as to throw doubt upon almost the best of railway debentures, it was not surprising that the closing of so many of the ordinary channels of investment should have caused a glut in the money-market. If trade had been vigorous enough to take advantage of the opportunity, the abundant supply of capital would have rapidly flowed into remunerative ventures; but the same distrust which had shaken all confidence in Company securities had at the same time sapped the foundations of legitimate trade. It was a problem at the time where all the money that was floating about was to be placed, and the result, as many persons anticipated, was that investors, finding no field at home, and unable to get a fair rate of interest in any English investment which they were disposed to trust, set themselves to seek opportunities of sending their wealth abroad. Notwithstanding the repeated acts of repudiation of so many borrowing Governments, almost any foreign loan became a more tempting investment than could be found within the four seas. Even the wretched Republics of South America continued to find purchasers for their bonds without discontinuing their old habits of dishonesty. Only the other day the Minister of one of these indebted States, with an effrontery developed only in Spanish blood, coolly announced to the foolish creditors of his penniless State that impossibility of payment was a legitimate ground for repudiation, and that his Government was unfortunately incapable of any longer devoting to the payment of interest the proportion of its Customs' duties which had been assigned as a security for its bonds. It is puzzling to guess who the original *bond side* subscribers for such securities can be, but the fact is certain, that for a long time past English capitalists have preferred the bad faith of foreign Governments to the not more flagrant, though perhaps more astonishing, bad faith of native Directors. The result has been that the wealth of this country has been poured with-

out stint into the coffers of foreigners, until at last the hoard begins to show signs of depletion.

The suddenness of these indications admits, we believe, of an easy explanation. For a long time after the close of the American war, United States bonds were mistrusted in England, in consequence of the ill-judged threats of repudiation with which the Americans strove so energetically to damage their own position. As soon as it became evident that the tide had turned, and that both the PRESIDENT and Congress were disposed to adopt the better policy of honesty, American bonds grew into favour here, as they had long before done in the Frankfort market. At the same time, the Atlantic cities of the States rushed into commercial ventures with more ardour than had been known for many years, and the inevitable course of trade consequent on these conditions was a very rapid absorption in England of American bonds, and a dangerously active importation from Europe into the States. So long as England and other countries were ready to take payment in United States securities, there was nothing to stay the westward flow of capital, and this, added to our previous large investments in other foreign bonds, produced the comparative scarcity of money which is symbolized by 4½ per cent. There is nothing at all to be regretted in a rise of price which may check a drain in every way mischievous to the interests of this country. That an individual investor gains by preferring a foreign security more profitable than any he can find at home, and equally safe, cannot be doubted, and political economy forbids any interference with the natural flow of capital. The world grows richer by capital being taken to the place where it can be used to the greatest advantage. But political economy is terribly cosmopolitan, and though the world may grow richer, the lending country may become incalculably poorer by the operation. The actual lenders fare well enough, provided their calculations are sound, but all the indirect benefit gained by the stimulus of home investments is transferred to other nations whenever foreign loans become, as they have long been, the favourite security of the market. It may be that the higher rates now prevailing may divert a larger share of the capital seeking investment into home channels, and, if so, the approach to stringency will be an unmixed good. And there are, it is true, some little signs of a movement in this direction. The cotton trade is still depressed, but there can be no question that a sluggish and gradual revival is going on in most departments of commerce. It may be traced in the daily reports from the manufacturing districts, and it is plainly visible in the Board of Trade returns. But the recovery is still very slow, and either those engaged in trade lack the opportunities or the courage to extend their operations, or else the possessors of available capital still retain too much distrust to be ready to advance it as freely for such purposes as they do in more prosperous times. The higher rate of discount ought to check, and seems already to have checked, to some extent, the drain occasioned by the recent fancy for foreign securities; and though not in itself a benefit to those who have to work with borrowed capital, it may in the long run prove to be such by restoring closer relations between the possessors and the users of money.

After allowing for all the considerations on which we have dwelt, there is still something quite unusual in the monetary history of the last year or two. That the Bank bullion should fall, as it has done within the last year, from 20,000,000l. to 16,000,000l. is a common enough event, but that this should happen after a plentiful harvest and without any activity at home to account for the absorption of capital, is a new, and not a satisfactory, feature. That it is a temporary consequence of natural distrust is obvious enough, but temporary disorders which last over years have too much of the chronic character about them to be viewed without regret. By degrees the evil must cure itself, and we trust that it will do so before any considerable addition has been made to the amount of English capital risked on the credit of Governments of doubtful faith.

"PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING" AMONG UNDERGRADUATES.

THE Memoir of Keble, lately written by Sir John Taylor Coleridge—the friend of Keble's youth, manhood, and age—is a book full of suggestiveness. It well deserves the attention of every one who is able, and who is concerned, to think on current questions of intellectual, social, and religious interest. But there is no quarter to which it appeals so clearly and pointedly as to the Universities, and especially to their undergraduate members.

The condition of undergraduate life at any given time is a matter of much more consequence in our social history than many

people who are unacquainted with the Universities would readily admit. Undergraduate life always presents a reflex of the wider picture of national life among the middle and upper sections of society. It may be sometimes a painful, not an agreeable, reflex; but it is not the less interesting, and certainly not the less instructive, for that. We have not the slightest intention here of writing an essay on the weak points of life at the Universities. We believe that at any rate one of the two great Academical societies that are the pride of England has made marked advances towards a higher standard during the last twelve or fifteen years. And we are prepared to learn that such advances are on the increase, both at Oxford and Cambridge. But no close observer, however friendly, whether his point of view be taken from the inside or the outside, will hesitate to admit that undergraduate life is exceedingly deficient in two great merits—simplicity and seriousness.

To say this is to utter an apparent commonplace. But there are moments, and there are points of contrast, at which what seems to be a commonplace is in reality the only means of expressing the truth. And at such points a commonplace often becomes a commonplace no more. It acquires power and vitality, which redeem it, and give it a sense that glows and stimulates. Let any one who maintains a loyal interest in the Universities go and spend a few days at both during the Easter Term. And when he has done that, let him sit down and read Sir John Coleridge's account of the old Corpus days when Keble and Arnold were of the scholars, or Wordsworth's *Prelude*, or Tennyson's fine canto beginning "I passed beside the reverend walls," or Wordsworth's sonnet, from which the title of this paper is borrowed, or such a fine and stirring composition as Professor Selwyn's Memorial Sermon of 1861, now just re-issued, which resulted in the undertaking and completion of the magnificent new chapel at St. John's, a building which will be henceforward among the finest ornaments of Cambridge. When in writings of this kind, remarkably diverse in their nature, we read memoirs of a life lived in the past, sometimes so nearly approaching an ideal standard that it is hard to conceive what could be added in idea to what was realized in act, the aspiration after simplicity and seriousness is a thing very far removed from commonplace.

The description furnished in Keble's Life is not the only description that has appeared of the way of living among the young scholars of Corpus in that golden age when Keble was one of them. Already, in the Life of Arnold, Sir John Coleridge—always writing *con amore* on that subject—had drawn the picture of the College as then it was. But in the recent memoir everything is fuller and more distinct; and if the lines are here and there a little "distance-mellowed and even glorified," they are no doubt, for all that, accurate and precise enough. Here, then, in the society which contained at the same time John Taylor Coleridge, and Keble, and Arnold, and Ellison, and Dyson, and Cornish, there was going forward, near sixty years ago, a way of life that ought not to remain only recorded in the chapters of memorial books, but should be often drawn forward into the common daylight. No doubt it is true that the exact circumstances of the then Corpus scholars cannot now be reproduced in any College in either Oxford or Cambridge. There is now in neither University a single collegiate society remaining which consists of elected scholars only. Such a preliminary tie between all undergraduates then admitted to Corpus formed unquestionably a bond of union and a stimulus to *esprit de corps*. Much in the same way, though in two of the cases it was side by side with resident commoners, the scholars of Balliol and Trinity at Oxford, and of King's at Cambridge, have at different periods cultivated an *esprit de corps* with a surprising degree of success.

But this peculiarity of circumstance is not enough, and the undoubted genius of some of the men concerned is not enough, to account for the "plain living and high thinking" that was the especial glory of Keble's old College in his time. It must remain always the eminent merit of that circle of friends, that they availed themselves of these advantages and used them, as strong will and virtuous sound sense can use any circumstances, so as to produce a splendid result. Corpus was by no means the only close College in Oxford in those days, nor for the greater part of half a century afterwards. But Corpus seems to have been the only close College which, just at that time, resolved to turn the circumstances of privacy and intimate social intercourse into an ideal arena of life-long discipline. And, if we now ask attention to some of the characteristics of that bygone College life, this is done in the firm persuasion, not only that any existing College set would be the better for an infusion of the same elements, but that no undergraduate of high aims ought to pass over unnoticed the chance which Keble's Memoir gives him of looking at an academical ideal.

Sir John Coleridge, talking of his contemporary friends, speaks of their "activity in the studies of the place, the simplicity and ease of their social intercourse, the delights of their walks, and the intellectual interest of their earnest talks together." They were all, except Keble and perhaps one or two more, public-school men, or rather boys in the real sense, for Keble was less than fifteen when elected at Corpus, and barely nineteen when he won his Oriel Fellowship. And, this being considered, what strikes one at once is the remarkable absence, not only of luxurious and quasi-luxurious recreations, but also of the *strenua inertia* developed by an excessive athletic zeal. They got on not only without billiards and steeplechasing, but even without having erected boating, cricket, and inter-University athletics into the position of

the real business of the place. We are speaking of the excess of these things—of zeal without knowledge in their pursuit. Arnold at any rate (and he was not a single instance in the Corpus set) was remarkable for the genuine athletic spirit, both at Oxford and afterwards at Rugby. "I like and love," said both Milton and Locke, "all exercises and pastimes that be fitter for my nature and abilitie." And Professor Selwyn, who quotes that passage, cannot rouse the St. John's of the present to emulate her Burleigh and Ascham and Butler and Martyn and Wordsworth and Herschel, without an expressed desire also that the "Lady Margaret" may have high place on the river, as of old. But it is simply matter of fact, and it is brought out (perhaps unintentionally) by Sir John Coleridge in strong relief, that the athletics of Oxford in Keble's time, and of Cambridge in the later time of the Selwyns, were subsidiary and not primary; the enjoyment of the thing was intense enough, but the luxury was as yet undeveloped.

As regards that "activity in the studies of the place" which was cultivated by these Corpus scholars, the prizes and classes secured by Coleridge, Keble, and Arnold alone were as many (if not more) in number as any three of the most brilliant contemporaries in a single College ever won. And the perfect ease of their social intercourse, instead of being allowed to become a cause of degeneration, was used to stimulate the intellectual earnestness of their discussions. There could be no better proof of resolute and sensible activity than this one fact supplies. They seem to have debated with perfect freedom, like the set of Arthur Hallam some twenty years later in Trinity, Cambridge—

A band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art
And labour and the changing mart,
All the framework of the land—

and, of course, as many a good set has since then done, and is now doing. But the debates of the Corpus men were not merely remarkable from the after celebrity of some who shared in them. Any undergraduate, or any observant reader whatever, who will take the trouble to read over the records in Arnold's Life as well as Keble's, will find the characteristics so thoroughly good and uncommon that he will probably discover something new to imitate or aim at with every fresh perusal.

If it were necessary to specify any one point in the society which Sir John Coleridge has so well described, we should be inclined to select the freshness and elasticity of their life and spirits. They went up young to the University, it is true; but their elasticity did not desert them as they grew older. "Plain living and high thinking" was to them, and is always, not a rule of life only; it is a germinating element of strong and progressive development. It gives

Manners, virtue, freedom, power,

without pretension and without fuss. And the overflow of the sense of that development is seen in a perfect elasticity of spirits, as free from boisterousness as it is from depression—a gift which was clearly common in Corpus, and in which Arnold seems to have excelled. This elasticity of spirits partly creates, and partly is the same thing as, a highly intensified power of enjoyment. That is a power which ought to be more common, and at a higher degree, than it is. We are speaking of a power of enjoying almost anything that contains by possibility an element of pleasure; of the power of producing and reproducing sources of enjoyment not from without, but from within; of infinite enjoyment through the threefold channels of the senses, the emotions, and the intellect. This faculty of creating and perceiving pleasure in a high degree is sometimes regarded as one of the special functions and endowments of genius. And so it is. But it is not men of distinguished genius alone that possess and exult in a high power of enjoyment. The same privilege often falls to the lot of men of distinguished goodness. It was the simplicity and purity of their lives, quite as much as their genius, which made Keble's set capable of enjoying, up to an unusual degree, the

Wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And all the warm green-muffled Cummer hills.

The means of enjoyment in those days were very much less plentifully supplied or eagerly sought after than they now are. But the internal sources of enjoyment seem, in one University circle at any rate, never to have run dry. Continental travel in vacation time, for instance, was then very costly, and was rarely undertaken. But Sidmouth gave to Keble what Switzerland has often failed to give to explorers of a later day.

It would be an unreasonable omission if, while speaking of an intensified power of enjoyment, we left altogether unnoticed the kindred characteristic of strong and steady affection which marked this set. It is a matter which does not require many words, but it deserves notice, and it will well repay attention. Arnold's and Keble's Letters, and the recent Memoir of Keble himself, are very remarkable monuments of a very rare degree of strong College attachment. But the attachments of the Corpus scholars among themselves, lifelong though they were, and maintained through all kinds of diversity in pursuit and profession, do not alone represent the kind of character which we are just now speaking of. There was hardly a man of the set who was not remarkable for an intense cultivation of home affections, and whose life was not powerfully influenced (at one time or another) by the strong and sacred ties of family. As for Keble himself, he left Oxford in the first instance in order

to be near his father, whose age and health seemed to require his presence; and the same consideration caused him at various times to resign the curacy of Hursley, to decline the offer of the Archdeaconry of Barbadoes with a salary of £2,000 a year, and to refuse the vicarage of Hursley upon the occurrence of a vacancy on the first occasion. The same strong sense of filial duty was one chief means in overcoming his repugnance to publish the *Christian Year*, and inducing him to lay aside his original intention of allowing it to appear only posthumously.

It is scarcely necessary, after the mention of these characteristics, to add that the Corpus set in Keble's time were remarkable for seriousness, not less than for manly clearness and plainness of life. They did not play fast and loose with their prospects and their first aims. Here, again, is a remark which only the sense of a powerful contrast will redeem from the level of commonplace. But try the experiment of first reading something about the youth of Keble and Arnold, and then looking through the tradesmen's bills of A.B. or C.D. who failed to satisfy the Little-Go examiners the other day. A serious view of life will not sound like a very commonplace phrase when you look at the contrast, and think of "the pity, the pity of it, Iago." Three at least of these Corpus associates, by virtue of a life at once simple and serious, and by educating their genuine powers through that discipline, left a strong mark not on Oxford, only but on their times, and two of them on the very heart of the nation, in the great interests of religion and of education.

It was said at starting, and we repeat it here, that the University life of the present, notwithstanding many features of a very sinister kind, is far from presenting no symptoms of improvement. The really important point to remember is that a genuine advance to a higher standard can be secured among the undergraduates only by efforts from themselves. Certain measures of reform may always be resorted to by the legislating bodies, whether for University or College. But these measures are not always certain of success, and at best they can do no more than modify to a slight degree the circumstances which surround a student. Almost unfettered freedom of action will always remain, as it ought to remain, within the decision of his own will. It will remain within his own option to live a life of simplicity and stability, and to develop his own circumstances as the Corpus scholars developed theirs, or else to remedy at the Mitre or the Bull whatever defects in social refinement the College may have failed to supply.

How directly and immediately a high social standard reacts, whether in a public school or at the Universities, on the intellectual life of the place, it is unnecessary to point out. The reaction at Corpus was as clearly traceable as its effects were remarkable. In the intellectual condition of the younger sections of a University there are varying kinds of deficiency at different times. There is sometimes a want of width and scope even amongst the most active men, an excessive tendency to special study, and a corresponding narrowness of aim and grasp. At other times, and under other conditions, the weakness arises from too great diffuseness, and the result is seen in a species of mental indecision even where the charge of shallowness will not lie. Now a mode of academical life such as Sir John Coleridge has drawn can never furnish an infallible remedy to intellectual difficulties, but it is one of the surest methods for putting things in the way of improvement. University legislation would be an easy matter if the temper of the Corpus set were a general one in the Universities, or if every College could say, as Professor Selwyn tells us that St. John's could in the sixteenth century, *primum animis optima ingenia optimis disciplinis ac moribus*. But we have no intention to point the moral of Keble's Memoir in detail. If University sets would read it widely, it could scarcely be ineffective, for a book is seldom written better able to point its own moral for itself.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FOOT-NOTES.

FEW things among the many mysteries of authorship are more difficult to understand than the principle on which a writer manages his foot-notes, if he resorts to them freely and copiously, or the principle on which he omits them, if his use is sparing and rigidly limited. Caprice seems to rule at the bottom of the page in a sovereign manner. One author regards a third or a fourth of each page as lawful space in which the rubbish of his note-books may be honourably shot, to the edification of his readers and to the glory of his own erudition. Another carefully removes every trace of the scaffolding, enginery, bricks, mortar, and the rest, without which he could not have constructed his great work, and yet which would only obscure its lines, proportions, and general impression if they or any bit of them were left in the way after the work is finished. A third sort of writer differs from both of these; for while he does not rigorously clear away all the relics and débris of his labours, nor, on the other hand, leave them all piled up in gigantic heaps, he darts down at his reader upon sudden and groundless pretext with little showers of references, characterizations, and emphatic side-strokes, which take one violently by surprise and leave us wondering why we should have deserved this swift and fierce descent, and why, if it be fitting here, it should be omitted in the next page or the next after that, or even through a whole peaceful chapter that follows undisturbed by a single reference, characterization, or anything else of the kind. Of course it is quite plain that there can be no general rule about foot-notes, any more than there can be a general rule about long sentences and short sentences, the number of sentences that

ought to make a paragraph, and the like. The subject, and the particular writer's conception and treatment of it, are both of them considerations that have a great deal to do with the fittingness and dimensions of the foot-note. In a novel, for example, a foot-note is usually a superfluity, and in this class of books we usually find it in the particularly objectionable statement at the bottom of the page that "This is a fact," or "The writer can vouch for the truth of the remark which is put into So-and-so's mouth," as if it made any difference whether the remark be vouched for or not in the proper person of the author. For one thing, the truth of a remark which is given to a character in a novel is less to the point than its dramatic propriety; and for another thing, as a rule, there is no more reason why we should take the word of the novelist for the soundness of a remark than the word of the puppet whom the novelist has created. Surely it comes to much the same thing in point of credibility. Let it be said, however, that there is one great living romance-writer whom the foot-note, if he had only condescended to it, would have saved from a good many violences upon the proprieties of his text. In one of Victor Hugo's sublime descriptions, it would be a profound comfort if the text were not broken by strange references to a wind which blew for fifteen hours and thirty-five minutes on the 18th of January, 1867, or maybe to an extraordinary fish found in July, 1840, in the waters of the Susquehanna by Jefferson B. Scribbs of Wilmington, Delaware. If we must be told of the particular fish and the particular storm, then, in the name alike of art and mental comfort, let them be relegated to the foot of the page, or, still better, the end of the chapter, where we may skip all these needless bits of useful information in a lump. But as art is concerned with wholes, we could well dispense with this profusion of particularities, whether in text or foot-note; and we may admit generally that in fiction one suffers fewer things of the foot-note than anywhere else. It is in history, and especially in philosophical history, that the foot-note can be most rampant. Everybody knows the look of one of Mr. Buckle's pages; usually rather more than one-half is covered with a perfectly tropical plantation of references to all manner of books, with decisive remarks thrown in off-hand upon men and things in general. To take the *History of Civilization* down into the country is as good as having a library with you. Every other sentence is a peg on which to hang a foot-note a couple of inches long. If you have digested the foot-note, you find that you have by that time lost the thread of the text. Resuming this painfully, you read on five or six lines more, and are once more jolted off the track into the rut of another foot-note. Perhaps the great Gibbon set the most effective example of this kind of practice; only it is just to say that his notes are scarcely ever overloaded, that they usually are directed by some intelligible purpose of reference, and that, when they are not this, they are repositories of something which might well have been left out altogether, but still which is better in the obscurity of a foot-note than thrust into the broad and open day of the text. This is a very different thing, however, from a practice that is growing up, among writers otherwise of merit, of turning the foot-note into a special region where they may skip and frisk, denounce and extol, epigrammatize and antithesize, with a summariness and an airy decision most refreshing to behold. They pay a certain respect to the dignity of the text, and then reward themselves for so much self-restraint by wonderful gambadoes at the bottom of the page. Here they raise or demolish an idol in the twinkling of a sentence; flash a bit of Greek or Latin or old French in the reader's eyes, merely *à propos de boute*; characterize a philosophy as briskly and lightly as if they were turning a couplet; and sum up in a phrase any system of which they may have chanced to bethink themselves. The consequence of all this is that one might make, out of a work annotated and illustrated on such profuse principles, a terrible anthology of unsupported and point-blank assertions upon the most questionable and questioned matters; unqualified judgments about things which can only be treated with a hundred qualifications; summary pronouncements upon characters the most complex and difficult of interpretation. It would really be worth while to take one of these random annotators and confront him out of his own small type with a list of the propositions which he expects us to take on trust, as well as with a short summary of the incongruous classes of matter which he has lugged in by the ears. The warning would be most effective, and the exposure of such an author's intellectual looseness most severe. He himself would probably be shocked at the strange *omnium gatherum* which he had invited his public to inspect, and might even awaken to the fact that, instead of being that prodigy of aptness and sober meditation and reasoned judgment which he had supposed himself to be, he is a bit of an impostor, who, to paraphrase Moth's image, had been at a feast of books and stolen the scraps.

There are two most obvious and definite objections to the prevailing fashion. The first is that no reader of less than Macaulay's memory can possibly remember a fraction of the information or opinion which is thrust upon him in these over-crammed notes. There is nothing about them to give them the proper adhesive quality. They are fragmentary and fugitive, offering no compact or shapely whole which may impress either the imagination or the understanding. They sit under the eye, take place for a moment among our impressions, and then are swiftly obliterated by the next and the next and the next, that follow in close succession—one being historical, its neighbour philosophical, the next to that aesthetic, the fourth industrial, and so on, right through the

scale of knowable things, and all within the mightily brief space of a couple of pages. The second objection is like unto this. Even if we could retain, say, a twentieth part of the information and opinion purveyed in this barbarous manner for our instruction and building up, the form in which it comes would be enough to make even this twentieth part something worse than useless. The knowledge which consists merely of detached propositions, whether statements of fact or expressions of conviction, is hardly any better than ignorance. The author, emptying out his commonplace-book into his foot-notes, very likely knows all about the heading under which such and such a fact or opinion comes, what it is related to, what are its bearings—in a word, what is its true and fundamental significance. But the public does not read as a student writes. It is well if accumulated foot-notes do not distract the mind alike from themselves and from the text, the substance of the book thus between two stools falling to the ground. At best, the reader who does the text justice only gives one eye and half a mind to the cloud of semi-importunities and irrelevancies underneath. What chance is there, then, of even ordinary attention being given to those propositions, so thick in number, so varied in subject, which require for their right comprehension and assimilation an attention quite extraordinary? If the writers of books would only bethink themselves of the real nature of the process of reading, how it is gone through even by the better sort of people, they would perceive the absurdity of these *olla podridas* of erudition mostly surface. But, one of the profuse annotators may retort, we write for persons with the capacity for reading, who have learnt to take pains over a book, and who will laboriously give a worthy closeness of attention to important matters. And this is all very well, but every student will feel that the pains which would be needed to digest a great quantity of scattered annotations would be much better expended in going over the ground on his own account. Moreover, he will certainly feel that, unless he does go over the ground on his own account as well, what he picks up among the dissected members of elaborate foot-notes will be of uncommonly small substantial value. Opinions swallowed whole, and information taken in in ready-made lumps, are to the scholar or the thinker as nearly good for nothing as may be. So that in neither case is any real good done. The disciplined reader does not care for matter heaped up indiscriminately as by some process of literary pitchforking, while the crowd are simply dazzled, and so pass lightly and unburdened.

As we began by saying, it is out of the question to lay down a general rule on such a subject, but the nearest possible approach to a rule may perhaps be found in the simple maxim to abstain from foot-notes with a rigorous self-restraint. Where an historian, for example, has to give references to, or citations from, his authorities, their use is of course indispensable. And, again, one must plainly distinguish between foot-notes and a professed commentary by one writer upon the text of another. To fill a foot-note with references to authors where a thoughtful reader may find the subject further illustrated is scarcely ever advisable, because if the thoughtful reader cares for the subject he will have no difficulty in gaining this information for himself—a labour which will make it twice as useful to him when it is gained. And, finally, to crowd notes with detached opinions *de omni scibili* is not only not advisable, but not even permissible to an author who either respects his subject and his art, or who understands the scope and the limitations of ordinary receptivity.

MR. STEFANOS XENOS.

WHO is Mr. Stefanos Xenos? some of our readers, troubled with short memories, will inquire. In these rapid days popular notoriety as well as popular reputation is soon made and soon lost, and fame is terribly evanescent. Mr. Stefanos Xenos became known to outsiders of that marvellous City world which for many years he has adorned in the course of the proceedings taken by Dr. Thom against the Directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co., Limited, and chiefly in connexion with the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which was only a periphrase of Stefanos Xenos, and which concern appeared in the accounts of the great Discount House as a debtor for some trifling sum of 300,000*l.* And, moreover, it was at the same time revealed that Mr. Stefanos Xenos paid Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, the adviser, Mentor, and superintendent of the house of Overend and Gurney, an annuity of 500*l.* a year for his trouble in superintending, on the Gurneys' part, the business of Mr. Xenos, during the time in which he was under advances to that firm. Further, it came out that Mr. Xenos had made Mr. Edwards a present of a yacht and an Arab steed during their business connexion. While the concerns of these worthy people were before the Lord Mayor, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Xenos spoke of each other as hawk and dove; Mr. Xenos claiming to be dove and charging Mr. Edwards with a hawk-like character; and *vice versa*. And while the storm was at its height, Mr. D. W. Chapman wrote an affecting and most filial letter from Tours, where he finds a sunny retirement from the storms of Lombard Street, to his father, Mr. D. B. Chapman, at Roehampton, in which, among other incredible and monstrous things, he spoke of Mr. Xenos's "depredations" on the house of Overend and Gurney. These words, "hawk" and "depredations," fired Mr. Xenos; and he undertook to write a book to show that he was a dove, and no hawk, and that as to depredations he was the victim, not the robber. This pledge Mr. Xenos has just ful-

[May 22, 1869.]

filled in the shape of a book—a deadly heavy one—entitled *Depredations; or, Overend, Gurney, and Co., and the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company*. By Stefanos Xenos. London: Published by the Author, at 9 Essex Street, Strand, 1869. We do not intend to assume the responsibility of deciding whether Mr. Xenos has made out his case, chiefly because we do not precisely understand what his case is until we have come to some understanding as to what a dove is, and what depredations are, in Mr. Xenos's own view of them. Words are but the signs of ideas, and it is very probable that the notions on morality in general, and on commercial morality in particular, held by such gentlemen as some members of the Overend house, by Mr. Edwards, by Mr. Xenos, and by a good many people famous on the Stock Exchange, at the Baltic, and in the Board-rooms of Finance Companies, are so irreconcilable with our own that any attempt to get at a common understanding would be thrown away. It is rather silly work to decide, in the case of two very empty and dirty oyster-shells, which is the dirtiest; and we may well leave Mr. Edwards and Mr. Xenos to settle the correctness of their own estimate of each other.

When we say that Mr. Xenos's book is dull, we mean it with a qualification. It is dreadfully dull to us, consisting for the most part of minute and tedious details of all the author's unsuccessful speculations in the City. Mr. Xenos seems to have had a wonderful knack at always getting on the wrong side of the hedge. He has been a very whirligig of commercial Fortune; just always on the verge of astounding success, and as constantly floundering into a malebolge of misfortunes and failures; always, by his simplicity, getting imposed on and taken in by partners, agents, and fellow-speculators, yet always inventing, and successful in, wonderful schemes which not only promise, but secure success. From his own account, he combines the elements of audacious intrepidity in business with a guilelessness and simplicity of character quite childlike. He is for ever getting overreached by commonplace vulgar harpies and traders on his simplicity, yet always getting the upper hand of the whole commercial world by his adroitness, his intuitive perception of openings before they were visible to the rest of his craft, and by his heroic devotion to work, and facility in divining combinations of profit. We shall not contest this estimate of Mr. Xenos, as for other reasons, so because we have no grounds on which to dispute. And we say this distinctly, that however dull the commercial details of Mr. Xenos's book, the biographical and autobiographical fragments which are embodied in it are very pretty reading indeed. To these we restrict ourselves.

Mr. Xenos is a Greek, and since the days when Anastasius was drawn as the type of the modern Hellenic mind, we have not had so lifelike a portraiture. The autobiography is however disappointing and tantalizing, because scanty. We are not satisfied on a point which has caused us some curiosity, whether Mr. Xenos was born in Crete—the Crete, we mean, of Epimenides and St. Paul. Or can it be that one of the other two notorious Kappas, celebrated in antiquity, claims him for a son? It cannot be Kappadokia, seeing that the object of this book is to show that our Stefanos was not only not a robber, but the victim of robbery on the part of Overend and Gurney. It cannot be Kilikia, seeing that Mr. Xenos was not a pirate, but a sailor of ships, and a sufferer from at least land-pirates. Like Homer's, Mr. Xenos's birthplace may therefore be left doubtful. He was educated by the Greek Government at the military school of Erevipides for eight years, destined to become an artillery officer, and his life has done credit both to his training and to the name of the well-omened academy in which he was educated. He is still a soldier and free-lance of Fortune, and he has not yet attained those portals where Dante says all hope is to be abandoned. He seems to have quitted his own country on political grounds, and to have had some hereditary connexion with the extreme Hellenic faction. He speaks of the popularity of his family name, his father's patriotic services, and the great sacrifices which he made for Greece, as well as of his literary works. And incidentally it comes out that he was the proprietor and editor of that queer Greek newspaper, published some few years ago in London, the *Brettannikos Aster*, which was suppressed, or practically suppressed, by Earl Russell, on account of its seditious, if not treasonable, however patriotic, language against the Otho Government. The Provisional Government of Greece in 1865 appointed Mr. Xenos Greek Consul-General in London, in reward of his services in connexion with the *British Star*; but, though Mr. Xenos cannot understand why, the English Government refused him his *exequatur*, and he reasons characteristically on this event. Such a refusal, he says, could not occur now; and for this curious reason:—"The late revelations with regard to the long-boasted commercial honesty of England's mighty merchants will have taught her not to indulge any longer in eulogiums upon her national virtues." From which we gather that, as Mr. Xenos's services were declined because the English Government of that day believed in "commercial honesty," they would not be declined now that we are forced to own that there is no such thing as commercial honesty among us. This seems to be scarcely a complimentary view of Mr. Xenos's character, though it is plain that he must entertain it and perhaps appreciate it. Mr. Xenos's father is alive in Greece, and he has a brother Aristides. Aristides in old time was the inconveniently virtuous statesman whom the Athenians got rid of because he was too good for them; we are led from the present author's account of himself to suspect there may have been some mistake in the names of the Xenos family.

Stefanos ought to have been Aristides, for he was not only too good for Greece, but he has been honoured with ostracism more than once in London. Mr. Xenos introduces us to his London life in 1856, when he was running a line of sailing vessels from England to the Levant. This business in 1857 he expanded, with the aid of a Greek house, Lascaridi of London, into the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company—i.e., Messrs. Xenos and Lascaridi chartered ships and lost a good deal of money. They then discovered that the right thing was to own, not hire, ships. Consequently, they turned shipowners as well as ship-charterers and consignees of cargo; but they had debts, no capital, and must have ships. As Mr. Xenos says, "To accept bills for £50,000 is only an affair of a few minutes, and to provide for them is also only a momentary concern, if you have credit, your property free, your business well organized, and no enemies." Unfortunately for Mr. Xenos, from the very first moment of the existence of the O. S. these conditions of success were never available for his Company. Consequently, he was obliged to get money as he could, and, to make a long story short, in the long run he fell into the hands of Overend, Gurney, and Co., and Mr. E. W. Edwards. As we have said, the story is tedious, and, except to those concerned, very uninteresting; but undoubtedly Mr. Xenos, in recounting his sufferings, is very amusing. He is a literary artist, and occasionally lights up the darkest clouds full of discount and balance-sheets with very shrewd and sparkling bits of personal reminiscence and picturesque anecdote.

Here is a photograph of a class. "I confess to a prejudice—I dislike English Levantines. They do not inherit the Anglo-Saxon firmness of character nor the Greek vivacity of intellect. Brought up in the Turkish school, they become adepts in the arts of bowing and scraping, of fawning and formularies. They are neither English, Greeks, nor Turks, but a mixture of all; they can change the hue of their nationality with a chameleon-like facility to suit emergencies—a faculty that enables them to stand the fire of commercial battles and defeats with salamander-like indifference." Among other notables with whom Mr. Xenos was connected is one Mr. Gottheimer, in whom we are surprised to recognise Mr. Albert Grant, late M.P. for Kidderminster. "Mr. Albert Gottheimer, formerly a wine merchant trading under the firm of Coverdale and Gottheimer, was, at that time, as Manager of the Mercantile Discount Company, studying closely the Limited system, through which the Fates afterwards made him a magnificent GRANT . . . The future father of the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England was too sharp" for Mr. Xenos; and one would think that he would have been too sharp for most folk, seeing that Mr. Gottheimer-Grant charged 100% for one week's loan of £3,000, with the kind promise of renewing on the same terms. But here is more engaging stuff. Mr. Xenos introduces us to Overend, Gurney, and Co. in the flesh, and we feel the same sort of awe as the blameless Ethiopians must have felt when Zeus and the Olympians came uninvited, as one would think, to dinner. Dealing with these Hellenes, we must be pardoned for getting Hellenic in our illustrations. Mr. Xenos's classicality is contagious. Mr. Xenos compares the four principal partners of the great Discount House to Adonis, the Chevalier de Faublas, J. B. Colbert, and James Wilson—the rôles being respectively filled by D. W. Chapman (the exile of Tours), A. G. Chapman, H. E. Gurney, and R. Birkbeck. Mr. D. W. Chapman is described as "one of the handsomest of Englishmen, fond of flattery, surrounded by sycophants, loving the drama, fond but ignorant of pictures, and maintaining a hospitality lavish as that of the Prodigal Son"—which photograph reminds us that Mr. Benjamin Higgs was much the same sort of man. Mr. A. G. Chapman (a stranger to us, and who was "relieved from his duties" chiefly because "he signed so many cheques") is described "as a boyish-looking young man, of a very feminine aspect" and bullying manners. Mr. Henry Edmund Gurney was the genius of the institution possessed of a "high moral and intellectual cast . . . speaking with a loud tone, proud-spirited, somewhat pompous and dictatorial in manner, but with a deep sense of religion, and always performing acts of benevolence . . . a member of the Society of Friends . . . he became the tool of a clique, especially the favourites of Mr. Chapman's." Mr. H. E. Gurney is described by Mr. Xenos as ambitious, but with more work than he could manage, leaving the investigation of securities to D. W. Chapman and his factotum, the celebrated Mr. Edwards; and in this connexion Mr. Xenos thinks proper to speak of "babes in knowledge and refined rogues." Mr. Robert Birkbeck is described as a man of untiring honour and integrity. Not without some gruff facetiousness, Mr. Xenos describes the interior of the great Discount House in Lombard Street, and the details of a grim and grimy torture-chamber, known, we believe, as the sweating-room, where applicants for discount were left for hours to their pleasant meditations on impending insolvency. Mr. E. W. Edwards is painted as "a man of pleasing appearance, placid countenance, cool temper, of gentlemanly and fascinating manners, soft and sweet of speech." The story of the yacht which Mr. Xenos gave, if he did give, to this Mr. Edwards is very well told:—

"It was the 28th of January, 1861. 'We all kill ourselves for money,' remarked the official assignee. 'Will you come and have a little dinner with me at the Garrick?' 'With pleasure,' I answered. We arrived at the club. . . . I did honour to the splendid hock. . . . 'I cannot give you champagne or red wine,' said Mr. Edwards, 'as the doctors have ordered me to take nothing but hock.' . . . I thought it rather selfish

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of Mr. Edwards not to offer his guest red wine because he had been forbidden to drink it. We retired to the smoking-room. . . . We discussed Overend and Gurney, the Oriental Steam Navigation, and the *British Star*. . . . Mr. Edwards expressed a wish to make a cruise in the Greek Archipelago. At that time I had two yachts. . . . 'Will you lend me the steam yacht for a short cruise?' 'All right,' said I, 'you can have her altogether, as she is of no use to me.' 'Thank you; you are very kind.' We had no further communication on the subject. . . . Next morning Mr. Edwards requested me to send him the yacht's papers of which I had been so kind as to make him a present. I had forgotten all about the matter . . . but, much against my will, I sent him the yacht's papers." We regret that Mr. Xenos has not favoured us with the parallel history as to how he gave, or was done out of, the Arab horse, but which, anyhow, Mr. Edwards got hold of. But the skill with which this yacht story is told is inimitable. Mr. Xenos does not say that the hock of the Garrick was too much for him; he does not say that he either did or did not intend to give the yacht to Mr. Edwards; but he gives just enough of hint to let us infer—if we are so pleased—that he was done by Mr. Edwards. We wish we had space for the scene in a Victoria Street flat, where Messrs. Edwards, Lascaridi, and Barker, "smoking the finest Havannahs, and sipping wines of the finest bouquet," meet to settle a loan, which they all know to be a ruinous advance, of 80,000*l.* But we hope that Mr. Xenos's budget is not exhausted. Mr. Xenos's adventures, too, on the Stock Exchange are very rich and suggestive reading. He tells us that he has always been in the habit of keeping a diary and taking notes. We trust that he will favour us with them. Our curiosity is provoked when he tells us that he might, had he pleased, "have garnished his narrative"—a narrative of the lives and doings of our gravest City men, be it remembered—"with playful allusions to many an operatic Zephyrina and dramatic Eu- charis. He might have told tales of Pretty Horsebreakers and capricious Anonymas; or he might have hinted at certain titled Calypsoes, at whose bidding some of our good City men entered the commercial lists and fought the most desperate combats." Mr. Xenos has, in his present book, given us a scandalous chronicle of one sort, and he is quite the man to present a scandal-loving world with another. Maybe we shall meet him again. Meanwhile, from this curious revelation of some of the mysteries of discounting, financing, and Limited Liability Companies, we are tempted to think that there is something in Mr. Xenos's classical and commercial question:—"Must we imagine that Diogenes has consumed a gallon of the best Colza oil in searching among our capitalists and their agents for an honest man, and has ultimately extinguished his lamp in despair?" Our own little lantern is, we admit, burning very dimly.

THE POPE AND THE PATRIARCH OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE Greek Church has all along been the standing difficulty of Ultramontanism. It was impossible to ignore the Episcopal succession of her bishops and clergy as has been done, on the slenderest grounds, with the Anglican Episcopate. It was equally impossible to establish any charge of heresy against her, for on every point of doctrine she retained, with the minutest and most rigid accuracy, the faith of the ancient Church before the division of East and West. And, in fact, whatever individual theologians on either side may have said in the heat of debate, about the famous *Filioque* controversy, on neither has any formal indictment for heresy been preferred. Two Popes, Clement VIII. and Benedict XIV., have expressly ruled "that the Greeks are bound to believe the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, but *not bound to assert it*, unless there was danger of scandal." No such concession was ever made, or could have been made, by the early Church to the Arians as to the use or disuse of the critical "iota" with which Gibbon makes so merry. And, more than this, there has never been any formal denial on the part of Rome that the Greeks are included in the unity of the Church. On the contrary, it has often been implicitly admitted. Not only does St. Bernard ask Pope Eugenius III. if he "can possibly think it lawful to dismember the Church," when his reference to "patriarchs" shows that he had the East in mind as well as the West, but the Popes themselves have always used similar language. Gregory X. summoned the Council of Lyons "because of his extreme bitterness on beholding the *rent* of the *Universal Church* foreshadowed in the net of Peter the Fisherman, that broke for the multitude of fishes which it enclosed; *we do not say, divided in its faith*, but notoriously and lamentably divided as to its faithful members." A passage in the original Decree, inviting them to Basle, was cancelled because the term "heretics" had accidentally slipped into it. Eugenius IV. told his envoys that the Council of Florence was summoned "for the union of the Western and Eastern Church," and asked the Greeks themselves "in what shall we be benefited if we fail to unite the Church of God?" At the Council of Florence Greeks and Latins sat and voted as equals, and it was meant to be known as the *Eighth Ecumenical Council*, ignoring the eleven, commonly so-called, which had met in Western Christendom, since the schism. Cardinal Pole actually speaks of it as the Eighth, in his work on the English Reformation. And even Pius IX., extravagant as his language about his own pretensions is apt to be, has invited the Eastern bishops to come to the Council of the Vatican

"as their predecessors came to Lyons and Florence;" and they came to those Councils as equals "to unite the Church of God." It is indeed worth remarking, that none of the Popes have formally asserted the terms "Catholic" and "Roman Catholic" to be identical, or appropriated the former term to their own communion. They have been content to call it, and to let others call it, "the Roman Catholic Church." Neither will any respectable controversialist have the hardihood to maintain that, whatever gift of infallibility the Popes may lay claim to, it has not preserved them from allowing the Nicene Creed to be tampered with against the canons of the Church at the arbitrary will of temporal sovereigns, or from upholding for centuries the authenticity of forged documents, and using their evidence to cover most iniquitous acts, and to guarantee many important points of their own distinctive teaching. It is equally undeniable that this course of conduct was mainly instrumental in producing the rupture between East and West, and was, together with the systematic evasion of the demands for internal reformation in the Latin Church, the immediate cause of the second great schism in the sixteenth century. It is the deliberate verdict, not of an Oriental or Protestant Christian, but of a distinguished Roman Catholic student of our own day, that, when the origin of the divisions of Christendom is sought for in the light of history, "it is the conduct of the Popes, more than anything else for the last thousand years, in governing the Church, which has divided it."

It is not wonderful, then, that Roman divines should be tempted to regard the Greek Church very much as some English politicians are disposed to look upon Ireland. They would be only too thankful if it could be blotted out of the map of the Christian world altogether. But there it is, nevertheless, and it is a phenomenon that has to be taken into account, however it may be dealt with. Least of all can its existence be ignored in view of the approaching Council. All the five Patriarchs were consulted about the convocation of the ancient Councils, and in nearly all of them one of the four Eastern Patriarchs presided; at none was the Pope present in person. The Council of December next has been summoned by Pius IX. on his own sole responsibility, but he has still felt himself obliged to notify its assembling to the Eastern Patriarchs, though he has been induced by some sinister influence at Rome to refuse them the ordinary courtesy of their proper titles. We had occasion, some months ago, to notice the interview between the Papal emissary and the Patriarch of Constantinople. A report has now appeared of a similar interview between the Patriarch of Alexandria and the Latin Bishop of that city, who was commissioned to convey to him the Pope's invitation to the Council. There is a close resemblance in the account of the reception of the Papal envoys by the two Patriarchs, and the result is in either case the same; but there is, of course, some variety in the details of the conversation. We seem to see in the tone of the rival prelates a lively illustration of what has long been the normal attitude of the Eastern and Western Churches towards each other. The Patriarch of Alexandria, like his brother of Constantinople, begins by asking whether the contents of the letter of invitation coincide with what had been already published in various newspapers; and on receiving an affirmative reply, announces that he cannot accept it. There were many reasons for this besides the strange courtesy both of the form of the missive and of allowing its publication before it was delivered. And after expressing his sympathy with the "excellent desire of the Pope for the union of all the Churches of Christ, for which we, too, of this ancient apostolic and glorious throne of St. Mark, have always offered up prayers," the Patriarch proceeds to specify three of these reasons. In the first place, he denies that "the most blessed Pope of Old Rome" has any right to summon a Council without previous consultation with the Eastern Patriarchs, to whom, equally with himself, appertains the government of the Church, while to him the testimony of history accords precedence, but not supremacy or universal jurisdiction. The Pope's manner of acting "denies the equality which exists among the holy Churches of God, and abolishes their independence, proclaiming that Rome holds sway over other Churches equally self-governing." Here, no doubt, the argument has a sound historical basis. The second objection is more obscure. We do not quite see how by sending his invitation "the Pope gives us to understand that salvation is to be obtained exclusively in Rome, whereas the energy of Divine grace has operated, and does operate, throughout the habitable globe." It is admitted, we imagine, by Roman theologians, that Divine grace operates without as well as within the visible Church. Probably, what the Patriarch means is, that Rome denies that portion of "the habitable globe" which is under the jurisdiction of the Eastern hierarchy to be any part of the visible Church. But no Pope, as we said just now, has ventured officially to deny this. The Patriarch's third objection is significant, considering the ardent desire of the Jesuits and their following to get the Assumption of the Virgin made into an article of faith. He complains that the Council is summoned for the festival of the Immaculate Conception—"a dogma wholly unknown to the Church, a recent innovation, and by no means a solitary one." It will be recollected that a considerable section of the Latin bishops, when consulted on the point, urged that the Immaculate Conception was not capable of being defined, or that, if it was, the time was inopportune for defining it. Yet a great deal may be urged in defence of the doctrine on the principle of development; but how a visible and external fact like the alleged bodily Assumption can possibly be verified in the notorious absence of all contemporary evidence, unless by a new revela-

tion, it is not easy to understand. If the Greeks object to the Immaculate Conception, which is said to be widely believed among them, being raised into a dogma, what would they think of defining the Assumption, which they have never accepted—the corresponding festival being called with them the "Sleep of the Virgin"? The Patriarch goes on to suggest that if "the Holy Pope of Old Rome sincerely desires the purification and unity of the whole Church," he should put himself into communication, "as a brother and an equal, with the other holy Patriarchs," as to the best means for securing the end in view, observing at the same time that "the best of all methods would be to adopt the course to which history points, and to approximate the modern institutions of Rome to those of more primitive times." To the reply of the Latin bishop that the right of the Pope to summon the Council is legitimate, "as head and sovereign over the Church and successor of the Apostle Peter," the Patriarch rejoins by again denying these pretensions, "which are at variance with the received teachings of the Church of which Christ is the only Head." The Roman envoy then at last condescends to enter on historical ground, and argues that Alexandria is the See of St. Mark, who was consecrated by St. Peter, and that the great Athanasius appealed to Rome. The Patriarch answers that St. Mark's consecration by St. Peter proves nothing, as all the Apostles were equal, and that if St. Athanasius appealed to Rome when under persecution, it was as a suffering brother to one able to help him, and not as to a superior. Here the Bishop again shifts his ground, and asks the Patriarch if, for so important an end as unity, he should not be more willing to waive matters of form. To this opinion there is the obvious retort, that "it is not a question of form, but of most important principles." And the Patriarch concludes by repeating that, if his Holiness really wishes for the unity of the Universal Church, he must write to the Patriarchs individually, and endeavour in concert with them to come to an understanding respecting the proper course to be adopted.

Many remarks suggest themselves on perusing the account of this interview, and comparing it with that between the Papal emissaries and the Patriarch of Constantinople. It is an ingenious theory of the Irvingites that the three great sections of Christendom are prefigured by the three friends of Job—the one who appeals to authority, representing the Roman, and the one who appeals to antiquity the Eastern Church, while the third who relies on reason represents Protestantism. Whatever may be thought of the theory, it certainly harmonizes well enough with the parts sustained respectively by the Greek and Latin interlocutors in the dialogue we have just recounted. The one is constantly appealing to the evidence of Christian history; the other says he is "not come to discuss," and relies almost exclusively on authoritative claims. It is further worth remarking, as the contrary is often asserted, that there is no attempt on the part of the Greek Patriarchs to arrogate to themselves any exclusive claim of churchmanship. They speak of innovations in the West, but they speak of the West throughout as a part of the Church, and recognise the rights of the Pope over "his own Patriarchate"—that is, over Latin Christendom. As to the prospect of the Greeks being induced to attend the Council, it would perhaps be premature to speak with confidence at present. That they will not attend it unless they are to be received as equals, and allowed full liberty to speak and vote, is clear. It is no less certain that their presence would be a fatal bar to the scheme for getting the infallibility of the Pope defined. They are too well versed in Church history, and too firmly tenacious of ancient precedent, to listen to such a pretension for a single moment. Yet it is now understood to be settled that Archbishop Manning shall propose this at the opening of the Council. It is known indeed that Dupanloup and others of the French bishops will strenuously oppose it, but they are expected to be outnumbered. No doubt they would find in an accession of Greek prelates welcome auxiliaries in their uphill struggle, but for that reason, if for no other, those who pull the wires at Rome are very unlikely to encourage the Greeks to come. We have seen before what the German Catholics, who are already in communion with Rome, think about the Council and their own chances of getting fair play there. What are the Greeks likely to think of it, who are divided from Rome by some eight centuries of bitter antagonism, and who have never accepted the very first postulate of the system on which the gigantic superstructure of modern Ultramontanism has been built?

CURIOSITIES OF THE IRISH CHURCH DEBATES.

IT is almost a matter for regret that we cannot have many more of those strange sayings, historical and philosophical—for we suppose that an inquiry into the Insoluble is to be reckoned as philosophical—which have amused us well nigh weekly during the progress of the Irish Church Bill through the House of Commons. To be sure we have the Lords in store, and among the Lords are the Bishops, and among the Bishops are still certain Irish Bishops. It will be hard if some of the prelates, to say nothing of certain of the temporal peers, do not help us to some original views of ecclesiastical history, and something special ought to come from some Irish Bishop, painfully conscious that it is positively his last appearance. Here then is something to look forward to. But it is an almost painful thought that the time will soon come

when we shall no more, at least on this matter, hearken to our Charley, our Connelly, or our Jenkinson. It is grievous that some things are in their own nature forbidden to happen again. Dr. Ball has most likely by this time shut up his Blackstone and turned to the Statute-Book, and he will hardly give us his theory of a Supreme Head again. Sir George Jenkinson may very likely babble again some other time about the Coronation Oath; but even Sir George Jenkinson can hardly persuade himself a second time that he is saying something new. So let us enjoy the few chances that are left us. The third reading may bring out something still. In the debate on the Report Mr. Charley has certainly out-charleyed everything that he has said before. He at least, we are sure, will die game.

We are bound, however, to say that both Mr. Charley, even in the most absurd speech which has yet been made, and Mr. Bentinck, in a speech of a very different kind, did hit upon points the Ministerial answers to which were not perfectly satisfactory. Mr. Bentinck, among a good deal of ignorance and confusion, had got hold of a truth with regard to lay clerks, organists, and such like. And where Mr. Bentinck was wrong, the Attorney-General for Ireland certainly did not put him right. Mr. Bentinck asks for compensation for lay clerks and organists. The Attorney-General for Ireland answers, "It would be quite absurd to treat an organist or a singer in a choir as a freehold officer," and adds the question, "If a singer lost his voice, was he to be compensated out of the funds of the Dean and Chapter for the rest of his life?" Neither the speech nor the answer to it goes to the root of the matter. It is plain that neither disputant has thoroughly mastered the nature of Lay Vicars and their freeholds. With all deference to the Attorney-General for Ireland, it is not absurd to treat a singer in a choir as a freehold officer, because many singers in choirs are undoubtedly freehold officers. There may be no such in Ireland; as we have not mastered the particular constitution of every Irish cathedral, we do not profess to know whether there are or are not. But there certainly are plenty such in England, and if Ireland differs from England in this respect, the right answer would have been to say that there was such a difference. Most likely in Ireland, as in England, the position of these officers differs in different churches, and no general statement can be made about all of them. The Attorney-General asks whether a singer who lost his voice is to be compensated out of the funds of the Dean and Chapter. We answer that there are in England—whether there are or are not in Ireland it is for the Attorney-General to tell us—many such singers who, if they lose their voices, have certainly no claim to compensation out of the funds of the Dean and Chapter, but who still retain their own income out of their own funds, their right to which is exactly the same as the right of the Dean and Chapter to theirs. Mr. Bentinck picked out several personal instances of hardship or supposed hardship in Ireland, but he did not touch on the real nature of the foundations which he was talking about. He seemed to have no notion of any cathedral or collegiate church except Westminster Abbey. The House was asked to go across the road and look at the lay-clerks of the Abbey; it was not asked to take certain longer journeys which would have been much more to Mr. Bentinck's own purpose. The singers in choirs in English churches are of three classes, and the position and claims of members of those three classes would, in case of an English disestablishment, be very different. Whether each of those classes exists in Ireland neither disputant told us; but till somebody does we cannot give any general answer as to the proper way of dealing with Irish singing-men. In England, in most of the Old Foundations, there are Colleges of Vicars, subordinate to the Dean and Chapter as to their duties in the church, but quite independent of them as to their revenues. These Vicars were originally the deputies of absent Canons, who took the share of duty which fell to their masters—"master," we may add, is still a technical name in some places. In process of time the Vicars were, in most places, incorporated and endowed. To this day they have their own estates, of which they have either retained the freehold, or else have parted with it to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on such terms as they may themselves have thought fair. In these cases the adult part of the choir is formed of the members of these Colleges or some of them, most commonly of those who are now allowed to be laymen. At Hereford, unless some change has been made within the last few years, the whole body remains, as it anciently was, a clerical body. In most cases it is partly clerical, partly lay, the clerical members being the Canons' assistants in divine service. But whether clerical or lay, these foundations form distinct and independent corporations, with exactly the same rights as all other corporations. How a member of such a College can be deprived of his office is doubtless provided for in the statutes of each foundation. But it is clear that he cannot, any more than a member of the Chapter, be turned out of his freehold by the arbitrary will of anybody. He can be dispossessed only by the prescribed judicial process, whatever that process may be in each case. His losing his voice in no way affects his freehold any more than the Dean's losing his voice affects his freehold. Next comes another class, including all or most of the cathedrals of the New Foundation and also Mr. Bentinck's pet church of Westminster. Here the members of the choir do not form independent corporations with their own estates; still they are statutable members of the collegiate body, entitled to whatever rights and to whatever stipends or proportions of corporate income the statutes may give them. By what process such a "singer in a choir" can be deprived of his office,

how far his office is strictly for life, whether, if he loses his voice, he has a right to compensation, are questions of statute in each particular church, to be determined, subject to any possible provisions in later Acts of Parliament, as the wisdom of King Henry, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James, or King Charles may have thought good to appoint. In the former of these classes, the freehold right of a Lay Vicar is as good as the freehold right of an Archbishop, and in the second class there is what may be reasonably expected to be a life tenure and a *prima facie* right to compensation. But in some cases, besides these statutable officers, Deans and Chapters have strengthened their choirs by singers who are merely stipendiaries, who have no corporate or statutable position, who have no rights beyond what they have under the common law of contract. These last, it is clear, if their Deans and Chapters happen to be suppressed, have no claim upon the public, but are simply in the same case as people thrown out of work by any other cause. Mr. Bentinck should have explained more clearly to which of these classes his Irish clients belong, or whether, as is possible, they belong to some fourth class different from all. Is the organist of Christ Church, Dublin, a statutable officer or a mere stipendiary? Are the Vicars Choral of Armagh a corporate body or are they not? The whole matter turns on the answers to these questions. But neither Mr. Bentinck nor the Attorney-General tells us, and neither the House of Commons nor the public at large can be expected to be so versed in Irish ecclesiastical law as to know the fact of themselves.

Mr. Bentinck then really had something to say, if he had known how to say it, and the official answer was not wholly to the point. And even Mr. Charley, in the most grotesque speech of the Session, was fumbling after a truth. In theory an inappropriate rectory is not a property alienated from the Church, but an ecclesiastical benefice held by a layman. Its owner is the rector, and as rector he has both rights and duties. The Vicar is in theory his deputy, and in old times, if the Vicar's maintenance was not enough, the corporate or private holder of the rectory might be made to enlarge his income out of the tithe. We believe that we are not wrong in saying that this was done as lately as the time of Charles the Second. To this day the holder of an English inappropriate rectory is, in the absence of any local custom to the contrary, chargeable with the repair of the chancel, just as an incumbent rector is. How does the law stand in Ireland on this point, and how will it be affected by the Bill? The point seems not to have been thought of on either side of the House; and it is clear that the question of inappropriate tithe is not so foreign to the scope of the Bill as Mr. Gladstone seems to think. Thus even Mr. Charley had got hold of something, though the use which he made of it was certainly the most ludicrous thing which has turned up during the whole discussion. Because the Duke of Devonshire is inappropriate rector of certain Irish parishes—twenty-six, Mr. Charley says, and we cannot correct his figures—therefore Mr. Charley suspects that the Duke of Devonshire is hounding on a cry against the Church. If so, the Duke must have the strangest notions of adapting means to ends of any man living. The Duke is most likely a tithe-payer as well as a tithe-owner. In his character of tithe-payer he might have an intelligible motive for hounding on a cry against the Church. But Mr. Charley accuses him of so doing in his character of tithe-owner, in which his interests clearly lie the other way. The confiscation—we do not object to the word—of ecclesiastical tithe may conceivably make the ownership of lay tithe less safe; it cannot possibly make it safer. Both Mr. Charley's speech and Mr. Gladstone's answer show that the case of rectories held by the Duke of Devonshire or by any other layman is more likely to be called in question after the passing of the Irish Church Bill than they were before. The interests of proprietors clearly lie in letting the tithe question remain untouched. Moreover Mr. Charley seems to think that no people but "wealthy Whig peers" are holders of inappropriate tithes. Really by this time monastic lands, episcopal lands, and inappropriate tithes have got pretty well scattered about among people of all sorts, people of all ranks, all politics, and all religions. It is not so very rare a thing for an inappropriate rectory to belong not to a Whig peer but to a Tory squire. We have known them held by women and children, not particularly wealthy, and of politics of which Mr. Charley would approve. The Botanic Garden at Oxford, including, we presume, the monkeys which live or did live in it, is maintained by the tithes of one parish, and we have heard of the tithes of another parish going to keep up a Dissenting meeting-house. So Mr. Charley's theory of a monopoly on the part of "wealthy Whig peers" will hardly stand. In fact nothing can be more unwise than for gentlemen on his side of the House to stir any question about the "period of the Reformation," "the grasping kings," "the grasping monks," and all the rest of it. In the eyes of all reasonable people, the illegal surrenders made to Henry the Eighth, the sheer burglary—for it was nothing else—committed by Henry the Eighth at Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester, were acts of confiscation and sacrilege of the foulest kind. But in the eyes of all reasonable people, the Act of Parliament which confirmed all these alienations, though it could grant no moral absolution to the original spoilers, gave a perfectly good title to all who honestly inherited or honestly purchased after the passing of the Act. But no inconsistency can be more glaring than when Tory gentlemen, Tory members of Parliament, whose wealth comes from deeds of confiscation and sacrilege, who are fattening on the lands and tithes of plundered Abbeys and plundered Bishoprics, whom an Act of Parliament alone hinders from being sacri-

legious robbers, talk as if there was some limit to the powers of Parliament, and raise the cry of spoliation, confiscation, and sacrilege against a measure which indeed alienates Church property, but alienates it for the public good and not for private self. Mr. Fellowes in Huntingdonshire innocently said on the hustings that the right of the Irish Church to its property was as good as his right to his property at Ramsey. So it is—till the sovereign power makes it otherwise. But it is a strange doctrine indeed that that sovereign power might rightly confiscate the estates of the Abbey of Ramsey for the private enrichment of Mr. Fellowes, but that it may not confiscate the estates of this or that Irish Bishopric or rectory for the common good of the Irish people.

ST. PANCRAS PARISH.

THE war which is raging in St. Pancras parish illustrates the difficulties which beset all schemes of Poor-law reform. A sort of triangular duel is being perpetually carried on between the ratepayers, the Central Board, and the public. Each side has, of course, its weaknesses. The public is inclined to be apathetic for long periods, interrupted by sudden outbursts of spasmodic energy. The Poor-Law Board may sometimes yield too readily to pressure from without, and attempt to enforce schemes of impracticable completeness, though at other times it yields with equal facility to simple indolence. The ratepayers act pretty steadily on the very natural principle of a strict regard for their own pockets. Of this we cannot complain; it is the practical expression of that sacred principle of local self-government of which Englishmen are so unspeakably proud, and which has done so much to produce our present system of effective administration. It is at any rate just as well that there should be a good dogged force of resistance to be overcome which may serve as a decided check upon extravagant schemes of reform. The question raised by the St. Pancras dispute is whether, on the present occasion, this resistance has not been pushed beyond reasonable bounds into the old familiar policy of penny wisdom and pound foolishness. The elected guardians have had the advantage of an advocate who can write like a gentleman, and who has doubtless put their case in the best possible form. Dr. Edmunds, in his letter to the *Times*, said what was to be said, and said it in a good spirit. He declares himself to be unpledged to any step beyond opposing all attempts to destroy local self-government, and we can fully believe that he does not intend to act in any unreasonable spirit of opposition. This being so, we can judge of the merits of his constituents without any fear of overlooking their strongest arguments.

The first question concerns the ingenious manoeuvre of the Board in altering the hour of meeting. The guardians who were elected under the impulse of the economical reaction were jealous of the *ex-officio* guardians. In order to get rid of their interference, they resolved, by a majority of one, to meet at an hour at which it was impossible for the *ex-officio* guardians to attend. The Poor-Law Board met this resolution by exercising their undisputed right of forbidding the hour of meeting to be changed. Dr. Edmunds says that this interference was "at once uncalled-for and impertinent." Considering that the avowed object of the motion was to prevent the presence of persons who had a right to sit on the Board, and that it would, in fact, have secured that object, we cannot see that the interference was "uncalled-for." It was called for by the simple consideration that it was necessary in order to give the *ex-officio* guardians a chance of exercising their privilege. The principle of appointing *ex-officio* guardians at all may be wrong; but, so long as they exist, the Poor-Law Board is bound to see that they are not deprived of their position by underhand manoeuvres. As for the "impertinence" of the proceeding, the word scarcely strikes us as appropriate to an enforcement of the law by the highest official authorities; but, in a game of impertinence, the guardians are already showing that they are able very speedily to bring matters to a satisfactory equality.

There is the further assertion that the sudden adjournment of the Board left no funds for the relief of the poor, and put twenty-four persons who had been in waiting, on their invitation, for the election of a matron, to great inconvenience. Dr. Edmunds replies, that he or any other guardian would have been happy to advance the money required in case of need. That may probably be the case, but it does not meet the apparent presumption that the guardians were in such a hurry to insult the Poor-Law Board that they forgot altogether to discharge their ordinary business. The injury inflicted may have been trifling, but the spirit indicated is not the less significant. The guardians held themselves to be aggrieved by the resistance of the Poor-Law Board to their ingenious manoeuvre, and proceeded to show their resentment by the first means which occurred to them. When they are cooler, they will perhaps remember that they will occupy a better ground for enforcing their demands if they will abstain from any but straightforward measures of opposition. By their present action they make it incumbent on the authorities to stand by the *ex-officio* guardians so long as they are liable to these insidious methods of assault.

The guardians, then, appear to us to have begun by putting themselves in the wrong; but the question remains, whether they have any substantial cause for complaint. So long as *ex-officio* guardians have seats, they must be supported; but is there any ground for the assertion that their influence has hitherto been a bad one? The complaint made by Dr. Edmunds is that, in obedience to "sensational writing," the guardians have launched into

unnecessary expenditure. Sensational writing has many sins to answer for, and we will endeavour to avoid it as much as may be. The extravagant measures adopted are the erection of a "vast infirmary at Highgate, and of enormous schools in Hertfordshire." Dr. Edmunds admitted on Thursday that on this question public opinion was very much divided, and in his letter he has little to say of the schools; and the statement made by Mr. Wyatt, if we may assume it to be accurate, shows how small a ground for complaint really exists. St. Pancras, it seems, had no schools of its own, and contracted with the Hanwell schools for the greater number of pauper children in the parish. The Hanwell committee having given notice of the termination of this contract, St. Pancras was forced to build schools for itself. The greater part of the necessary expenditure has already been incurred, and, if Mr. Wyatt be correct in his anticipations, the difference between the payments made to Hanwell and the cost of maintaining the children at the new schools will more than defray the repayment of the money borrowed for the building and the interest upon it. At any rate, the building of schools was simply a necessity, and the only question can be whether the provision made was extravagant. The case of the infirmary, upon which Dr. Edmunds insists at greater length, seems to be still stronger. The parish hospital was over-crowded, and the building was originally intended for a school. The sanitary condition of the place was so bad that erysipelas was threatening to spread throughout the wards. An additional ward had to be provided for contagious skin diseases on the male side; and, this being impossible on the female side, the women and children had to shift as best they could, when there were twenty in a ward, with ten beds. The doctor was forced to retire from low fever and diarrhoea, brought on, as one of the guardians now opposed to building a new infirmary expressly admitted, "by the bad drainage of the workhouse." The matron died from the combined effects of disease internally and a polluted atmosphere externally, and the gentleman who took the doctor's place during his absence was forced to retreat from horrible stenches which were affecting the health of convalescent patients.

Now it is perfectly open to Dr. Edmunds to maintain that the plans for the new infirmary were unduly expensive, although, according to Mr. Wyatt, the whole cost, including the purchase of the land, would be covered by a rate of three-farthings in the pound. But Dr. Edmunds does not condescend to any such argument. He complains of the removal of the infirmary to Highgate, though it does not appear that the room could be so easily provided elsewhere; and he is eloquent against the evils of the infirmary system. He says that it will break up the homes of the poor; that, "by massing together large numbers of sick people, it must greatly increase the number of the sick and make it difficult for those who recover to get free from reliance on parish relief." These arguments, whatever their value, are obviously quite irrelevant. It is not a question whether there should be an infirmary at all; there is one already, and the new infirmary will only provide for the numbers already treated, and for those who, with equal claims, are constantly pressing for admission. The sick are already massed together, and, in fact, are packed so closely that the sanitary condition of the present infirmary is disgracefully bad. The very object of building a new one is to diminish these evils in the only way in which they can be diminished, by providing sufficient accommodation. It might be better, if it could be done satisfactorily, that the poor should be treated more commonly at their own homes; but, as matters stand, it is plain that the real question is between crowding them, in defiance of all sanitary considerations, into a totally inadequate building, and providing a new one in which they can be properly treated. The evil of encouraging the sick poor to rely rather upon parish relief than upon their own prudence is certainly a very grave one, but the degree to which economy can be pushed in such matters is defined by a very simple consideration. When you have got a sick man to deal with, the best plan, in an economical as well as in every other point of view, is to cure him as quickly and radically as possible. Infirmeries should not be palaces of luxury; but they should be clearly directed to the extirpation of disease, instead of being so many centres of contagion. The St. Pancras Infirmary has unmistakably sunk below the minimum point fixed by the most obvious sanitary principles; it is not objected to it that it is far from luxurious, but that it produces positively deleterious results. A hospital ought at least to be clean, well-drained, and sufficiently large to admit of a proper classification of the patients; and Dr. Edmunds has not given the least reason for thinking either that the present building is not scandalously insufficient, or that the proposed building would be larger than is necessary to secure these very moderate requirements. The meeting of the guardians, on Thursday, showed how much even Dr. Edmunds's views are in advance of those of his constituents. The proposal to seek for further information before condemning the schools, though the terms in which it was proposed showed a strong leaning towards an unfavourable conclusion, was rejected; and it seems that the Jacobins of this little legislature are able to overcome the moderate Girondins as represented by Dr. Edmunds.

It is undoubtedly difficult to distinguish between economy of the two varieties—that which would limit the relief afforded so as to prevent it from demoralizing the poor, and that which is simply opposed to spending money, even when there is every

chance of its turning to profitable account. We are quite willing to believe that Dr. Edmunds and gentlemen of his stamp conceive themselves to be speaking in the former sense; but, unless they can advance more telling arguments, we are equally convinced that they are likely to be the instruments in the hands of a blind obstructiveness. Their professions of general principle are admirably correct, and correspond to the most orthodox doctrines of political economists and philanthropists. When we come to translate them into details, we find that they cover a simple and very natural objection to paying taxes under any circumstances. Some excuse will always be found by the more intelligent persons for proving that every proposed reform comes under the head of reckless extravagance; and so the sheer dogged weight of parochial stupidity manages to cover itself by their help with a decent veil of respectable platitude. We can only hope that, till some better grounds are shown for objecting to the proposed improvements, the Poor-Law Board will exercise their authority without flinching, and, if it should prove to be necessary, will apply for increased powers to Parliament.

A MAY POSY.

EXETER Hall is now pretty widely recognised as a generic name. It already includes more halls than either University can boast—Freemasons' Tavern, occasionally St. James's Hall, Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and no end of "Gospel Halls." The flowers of May, which formerly used to bloom only in the Strand, are now scenting the air of all the postal districts of London. Even St. Paul's Cathedral has this year been decorated with the flowering annuals of the Bible Society. Festoons of Presbyterians, United Free Methodists, Anabaptists, and Independents—the rich produce of the platform—hung about the stalls and surrounded the pulpit.

The prize of the season, however, has been taken, we are glad to see, by Exeter Hall proper. For it was there that on Monday, the 26th of April, was stuck, "conspicuous amongst the occupants of the platform," the gorgeous blossom of Africa, "little Dado." We are indebted to the public spirit of the United Methodist Free Churches for the introduction of Dado into this country. The prize drew all eyes toward it. The annual report referred to the presence of "little Dado." The audience had evidently come together to hear about Dado, and to see him. The mover of the first resolution prepared the way for Dado. At last the gatherer and cultivator of Dado, the Rev. Thomas Wakefield, stood up, amidst universal applause; the patient listeners heard that Dado's time had come; but the missionary talked six columns without uttering a word about the blossom of the Gallas. It was not until he had reached the end of a glowing peroration that the presence of Dado suddenly occurred to him, and he skilfully manipulated the sham peroration into a real one by declaring that he had forgotten "this little boy." The relieved feelings of the long-tried spectators found vent in a burst of cheers. "Let me," said the cultivator, "introduce to you my friend from Africa. His name is Dado." The little fellow, the reporter tells us, was here placed upon a chair by the speaker's side, and the exhibitor went at length into his history. It was no doubt interesting to the classes who compose the United Free Methodists to learn that the object of their patronage, like most of the heathen flowers brought to England for exhibition, "belongs to a high family." Dado, it appears, was out one day with his nurse and a slave boy, when they were decoyed into a hut by some people called Wakokomo, who are a sort of Fenian subjects of the Gallas. The Wakokomo, instead of shooting their landlords, steal their wives and their children, and sell them to the Turk. Of a Turk at Mumbas Mr. Wakefield obtained Dado; it was just at a fortunate crisis, for he was leaving Eastern Africa for Exeter Hall without any heathen spoil. Two brilliant notions struck Mr. Wakefield—first, that Dado would be just the trophy "to make an" anti-Roman holiday" in Exeter Hall; and, secondly, that Dado would be a cheap and easy tutor for Mr. Wakefield himself. On this last use of Dado's acquisition he naïvely remarks, "I thought if I could get him to come with me to England I might, by conversing with him on the voyage, considerably improve myself in speaking the language." The cost of Dado was not mentioned; we suppose the Turk would not give him up for nothing. A dialogue between Dado and the missionary, in the tongue of Gallas, would have given liveliness to the meeting. On the principal end for which Dado was plucked up and transplanted, Mr. Wakefield says:—"I thought that you who are supporters of our mission would feel a particular interest if you could see a little interesting boy like that, a specimen of our East-African races." The Christians to whom the Apostles returned used to rejoice when they "heard" of the people who had been converted. The United Methodist Free Churches think "seeing is believing," and their missionary shows them a specimen of the children of the people who ought to be converted. As for Dado himself, whether he has been baptized—we beg pardon, whether "he has found peace"—does not appear. Dado's fame reached Exeter Hall before Dado himself, and the demands of United Methodist Free Churches men and women for his portrait were so numerous that it was impossible to supply them. A stock, however, was created against the day of exhibition; and Mr. Wakefield closed the moving of his resolution, "That this meeting rejoices in the spread of Protestant principles," with the apostolical appeal, "We have a few photographs with us to-night, and if there are any here who would like to grace their album with the in-

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May 22, 1869.]

The Saturday Review.

679

teresting picture of a distinguished foreigner, they may do so for one shilling." It is satisfactory to find that the study of the bald languages of Africa has not caused Mr. Wakefield to deteriorate in the knowledge and use of that rich penny-a-lining verbiage of which his native tongue is capable. *Applause*, says the reporter, followed this announcement, and shillings, we presume, followed the applause. The reporter, alas, cannot give us what would be the most interesting missionary fact of all—the real impression made upon poor Dado's own mind by all he has seen and heard since he came into the possession of English United Methodist Free Churches men. We cannot help believing that if the Apostle St. Paul had carried about Timothy and Titus in this way, and made shows of them to the brethren at Jerusalem, neither of them would have cared very much to be a Christian Bishop.

A fine orange-tinted flower was produced at the close of this missionary meeting. A Mr. Wirsop was "entrusted with a resolution," in which the United Methodist Free Churches were urged to increase their Protestant zeal. They must change it, Mr. Wirsop told them, from its present culpable "warmth" into glorious and laudable "fever-heat." One result of the expected Papal Council may be a prohibition of their importation of little Dados. Mr. Wirsop's flower was remarkable for its classical form. Africa had in it a city called Carthage. Did not Cato, that heathen old Papist, close every speech he made to the Romans with the inflammatory ending, "Carthage must be destroyed"? "Therefore, even at a missionary meeting," cried Mr. Wirsop, "I would venture to conclude by saying, 'Let there be no peace with Rome.'" The audience perhaps imagined that some interesting form of pre-Christian Protestantism perished in the fall of Carthage, for they loudly applauded this truly Carthaginian sentiment. The "proceedings terminated," says the reporter; that is, the audience began to flock out into the street. Little Dado was taken down by his proprietors, and every one went home.

The most malodorous flowers at the May Meetings are those brought to the general posy by Anglican clergymen. Exeter Hall is very differently estimated by the Dissenters and by their "dear brethren of the Establishment." The former appear for the most part to take the whole May season as a genuine annual Pentecost. They are in great glee and good temper; they are keeping the feast; pastors and wealthy chapel-goers from the provinces rove from scene to scene of religious dissipation; their best clothes are on their backs, and there is warm brotherly glow, we believe, in their hearts. The Anglican clerics, on the contrary, who appear at these meetings evidently take the May season to be a time of fast and humiliation. They make use of it to confess the sins of their own order—that is, of all the members of that order except themselves; and they beseech their Dissenting brethren to give them absolution for belonging to that order, and all the praise they please for not being so bad as the Rationalists or the Ritualists. The Evangelical parson at a May Meeting generally begins by exhibiting the flower of his own charity to the assembled sectaries, and asking them to admire it, while he finishes by a little abuse of the Pope, a little more abuse of the Rationalist, and a very large and generous abuse of the Ritualist. This last abuse must be the flower of true charity, for how can the Dissenters doubt his love to them when he takes such pains to show them how he hates his brethren? Ex-Archdeacon Hunter, who has exchanged the comforts of North-West America for the toilsome labours and deprivations of a Bayswater church, held up this flower of "Evangelical" charity in its greatest perfection at the seventieth anniversary of the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Hunter finds even the S. P. C. I. too strong for him. But, whenever he sees the name of the Religious Tract Society in a book, he feels "that it is a guarantee for the doctrines it contains." He always says to himself, "Here I shall find nothing of Ritualism, nothing here of incense or nonsense; I shall find nothing here of Rationalism, or infidelity of any kind." It was a left-handed compliment to the Society to tell it that its books contained neither of the five things that are bad; their absence is scarcely sufficient to make a book good. We are afraid that the Sunday School children of Bayswater, whom the ex-Archdeacon is so careful to reward with prizes marked *cum permissu superiorum* of "the ministers and gentlemen whom he proposed as Committee for the ensuing year," will not be long in exchanging his prizes for the *Young Ladies' Journal*, the *Boy-Pirate*, and the tempting "Number One, with which Numbers 2, 3, and 4 are given gratis."

WHEELS AND WINGS.

WE do not object to velocipedes any more than we should object to a new fashion in ladies' dress. It is true that all the ladies, old and young, tall and short, thick and thin, are certain to adopt any new fashion; and if the velocipede attains equal popularity among men, we do not suppose it will do any great mischief, and indeed, if some of the thick men who practise it become thin, it may do good. The notion of supplying velocipedes to rural postmen does indeed resemble rather closely that of providing plum-cake for the poor persons who cannot get bread. We do not know whether the Government has obtained a tender for velocipedes for the public service, or whether it expects that any large reduction will be made in the prices at which they are offered by advertisers to private purchasers. But we should think that, if the Post Office is expected to work a halfpenny post by postmen mounted on velocipedes, the managers of that establishment will be reduced nearly to despair. The proposal may,

of course, be considered with reference either to the postmen or to the recipients of letters. As regards the postmen, they would probably prefer to be supplied with boots, or great coats, or even with umbrellas, at the public cost. As regards the recipients of letters, it is to be feared that acceleration of delivery in fine weather will be balanced by delays in bad weather; and we would suggest that the general substitution of wheels for postmen's feet had better be deferred until there has been an improvement equally general in the construction of roads. It is, of course, no objection to this proposal to ask why it was not brought forward long ago. Nevertheless, we may observe that the present fashion of velocipedes does not prove their utility, and possibly affords some presumption the other way. To take a familiar example, the fashion of high-heeled boots has been chosen by ladies, and is perhaps liked by men. Opinions may differ as to whether this fashion is elegant, but no enthusiast will pretend that it is useful. A lady who can move about a room in a pair of boots with high and almost pointed heels, and a long train, performs an exercise of dexterity, but she would find the same costume highly inconvenient in a country walk. It does not follow, because a young and active man can learn to sit a bicycle in a fortnight, that rural postmen can reasonably be expected to acquire the same accomplishment in the intervals of their daily work. Many postmen are not young, and a man of middle-age may be active in the performance of an exercise to which he is accustomed without possessing any great facility for acquiring a new exercise. But it may be said that the postman can go on three wheels or on four, and that it is not proposed to compel him to go on two wheels, or be dismissed. We are informed on authority that it is easier to upset a tricycle than a bicycle, but still there remains, what we will venture to call in old-fashioned language, the four-wheeler available for the postman. But when the proposal is thus presented all novelty disappears. As long ago as 1830 a number of country letter-carriers in France were mounted on velocipedes, and whilst the roads continued dry and hard they worked well. But with bad weather came bad roads, and to the wet succeeded frost and snow. A little extra labour was all that was required to overcome the extra friction of the bad roads, but the wheels refused to turn on the slippery frozen surface. The country folks wanted their letters, and the wheels of the velocipedes would not move except on their own axis; so the postmen had to trudge on foot and leave their velocipedes behind them. The difficulty was probably not insuperable even in 1830, and the means of propulsion have been improved, as we understand, since that time. But so far as there has been any invention in the matter, it concerns only the reduction in the number of wheels, and we humbly think that a postman can hardly be expected to imitate successfully the young gentleman whom we see depicted in a book before us "preparing to go downhill." The most earnest advocate of speedy delivery of letters would be open to the consideration that there might possibly be an accident—we do not mean to the poor postman, but to the mail-bag. It strikes us that this proposal to supply bicycles to postmen is about as reasonable as it would have been a few years ago to propose to supply crinolines to housemaids. We quite believe what is stated in a published manual, that the preservation of the balance of the body in the saddle of a bicycle is much less difficult than it appears; and our minds are fully alive to the force of the observation that if we feel in danger of tumbling over on one side we can stand upright. The same consideration has sometimes induced men of average stature to adventure their precious limbs upon a donkey; for although this animal is difficult to ride, he cannot throw you if you put your feet upon the ground on either side of him. We have read in the *Pilgrim's Progress* that

He that is down need fear no fall.

There used to be a story current at Oxford of a very tall man who was upset into shallow water in the sight of a multitude of people during the annual procession of the college boats. The very tall man had imperfect notions of swimming, and was in a great state of flurry at the peril in which he supposed himself to be of drowning. Accordingly, he began striking out promiscuously with legs and arms as for dear life, while a chorus of voices from the boats shouted to him to stand up. When at length he comprehended, and proceeded to act upon the advice, and rose to his full height out of eighteen inches of water, universal laughter was evoked by his ludicrous performance. It is a comfort to us to remember that if our bicycle becomes unmanageable we can always stand up, and we shall treat the mockery of spectators with indifference. But we cannot help thinking that if a postman started to deliver letters on a bicycle, he would be pretty much in the position of poor Power in the farce, where he used to put his head out of the window of a bottomless sedan-chair, and say that if it was not for the look of the thing he would as soon walk.

As the modern form of the velocipede originated in France, we may reasonably expect that it will receive a military application. Among ourselves a proposal to mount a corps of volunteers on bicycles would probably supply a needed stimulus to that branch of the Queen's service. Let us, at any rate, have prizes at Wimbledon to be shot for by riders on velocipedes, and let there be at least one light company on bicycles attached to each battalion, and prepared to skirmish to the front and occupy any beer which may be in the vicinity for the use and benefit of the corps. We are assured that a man may travel on a bicycle with much less expenditure of "vital force" than by walking, and this would be a highly

important consideration if a man could put his spare vital force into a bottle, and keep it to another day. There is, says the same authority, a large expenditure of power in supporting the body in walking, so that a small portion only is left for actual propulsion; whereas, if you put the body on wheels, the whole of its power may be exerted in propulsion. We are far from questioning that the velocipede may afford healthful and pleasant exercise, and some persons who are too lazy to walk may be tempted to acquire the power of locomotion by the bicycle. Walking is the simplest and most easily to be obtained of all exercises, and it has the merit of bringing various muscles into play to an extent which perhaps is not equalled in the use of the velocipede. Of course, if a man objects to expending power in supporting his body in walking, he can mount upon a bicycle, or he can go to bed. It is interesting to observe the dexterity which some performers have acquired with the bicycle, but we cannot help thinking that the postmen who are to use it might just as well be asked to fly; and we are gratified to learn, from the last report of the Aeronautical Society, that very considerable progress has been made in the art of flying.

It was announced at a meeting of this Society, held more than a year ago, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, that "the flight of man has become a fact of the day," and that the honour of the discovery of a means of flying belonged to an Englishman and a member of the Society. It is true that traditions exist of flying having been attempted in other countries, but one experimenter broke his leg and another his neck; whereas Mr. Charles Spencer has succeeded in taking short flights of a hundred feet with a machine of his own invention and construction worked by muscular force. This machine was exhibited last summer at the Crystal Palace, and we are told that, "by a preliminary quick run, the inventor was able to take short flights." We have not indeed any distinct statement by anybody who saw Mr. Spencer taking flights, but we are told that his father was a friend of Mr. Green, the aeronaut, and his godfather was Mr. Green himself; so we venture to express the hope that Mr. Spencer is married and has children, because we think that a son of his would be likely to be even more of a goose than he is. According to the official description of Mr. Spencer's invention, the weight of the body during flight is sustained by what are called aeroplanes, which are combined with two short wings moved by the arms. A speaker at the meeting said that "geese took up their legs and flew off," and so would Mr. Spencer; but we are not informed that Mr. Spencer did. The same speaker recommended that such flying should be practised as gymnastics, without minding what the Press might say about it. We should certainly wonder that a man who did not mind the chance of breaking his limbs should fear the ridicule of a newspaper. But perhaps Mr. Spencer could not rise high enough to hurt himself in falling. The only experiment which he made in the presence of spectators was in the transept of the Crystal Palace, and then he was suspended by a long rope. The chairman of the meeting said, and everybody will say, that "we all look forward to Mr. Spencer's flying with great interest." Mr. Spencer declared his intention to practise every morning, and as this was nearly a year ago, it may be hoped that by this time he is able to soar on other wings than those of his imagination. We do not indeed know that Mr. Spencer is not at this moment in the moon, but we do rather suspect that he resembles those persons who talk in a figurative sense of doing things "like a bird." For our own part, we agree with a speaker at the meeting, that the danger of breaking bones "appears a very serious objection to the practical utility of mechanical flying." But the invention, if it be one, of flying by an Englishman may console this country for having to seek instruction in the use of the bicycle from a Frenchman. We are indeed happy to be informed that no jealousy exists between the aeronauts of France and of England, and that "the two countries are going hand in hand in the matter" of making geese of themselves. When the world has completed the progress on which it has now entered, its inhabitants will be cherubs on wheels.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE strength of the Academy this season rests quite as much on its new building as on the works exhibited by certain of its members whom we refrain from naming. By common consent some of the worst pictures in the Exhibition are by Academician and Associates. Of the former there are at least seven, of the latter there are at all events two, who could have little chance of a place on the walls had they to rely on merits instead of on vested rights. It is in mercy that such works, which usurp the best places and disfigure the Exhibition, are passed quietly by without notice. The President possibly hinted at some of these sad cases when he said that it might be hoped the Academy would find itself in a position to extend charitable aid to the less successful members of the profession.

Mr. Alfred Elmore, R.A., contributes seven works; he has seldom been in greater force, whether judged by the standard of quantity or of quality. His "Judith" is one of the noblest readings of the character yet given. The subject, as will readily be imagined, was seldom touched by the early and spiritual painters. Raffaelle did not include it within his Bible in the Loggia; the incident is not to be found in our National Gallery, neither can it be easily traced in books which treat of the history of religious art. But perhaps the very reasons which excluded

the story from early annals might recommend it to periods of decadence. We recall figures of Judith in the galleries of Dresden, Munich, and Paris, but they are all rather late or absolutely modern, and accordingly the style is redundant and florid; indeed the treatment sometimes becomes absolutely revolting. And just because Mr. Elmore has not surrendered himself to these temptations of his theme, his "Judith" stands before us in simple dignity, the deliverer of her people. There is absence of horror, yet in the darkness lit fitfully by the moon we have mystery and the suggestion of tragedy. Calm resolve is in the brow and eye, and quivering terror in the blanched lips; to do the deed without flinching is evidently possible to that massive arm and firmly knit wrist. The type of features is southern, the skin is even swarthy; the artist may have found his model during his sojourn in Algiers. Great affluence of colour, such as Giorgione gets in shadow, has been thrown into this picture, though pitched in deepest tone. The execution is broad; there is no descent into realism, for appeal has been made, not to the eye, but through the eye to the imagination. The remaining pictures by Mr. Elmore are in like manner distinguished by deep, lustrous colour, and by elevation above common nature. Mr. Lewis, R.A., admits of interesting comparison, or rather contrast, with the painter just named. The two artists alike depict the Arab and the Turk on African soil, but most dissimilar is the treatment which they respectively adopt. Mr. Lewis, perhaps, is without parallel in Europe. Several Continental artists have taken a like line, Gérôme among the number, yet between Gérôme and Lewis, even when in Cairo, analogies are distant. Only it may be said of each that the products are sometimes more peculiar than pleasing, more clever than edifying, in any moral or intellectual sense. Few artists have so deliberately trifled with talents of first-rate order as the painter who sends to the Academy "The Money-Changer in a Cairo Bazaar," "An Intercepted Correspondence" within a harem, and "The Commentator on the Koran." Pictures, we repeat, become trifling when trivialities are dotted down to infinitude with little purpose; yet it is true that we gain the pattern of a trellis or mosaic, the texture of a silk, and the dazzle of a sunbeam. It must be admitted that these works are, as feats of a fine-pointed pencil, miracles after their kind. The harem, as might be expected, is somewhat indifferent as to morals, and withal far from unimpeachable in art. Here we encounter several of the painter's old models, familiar by this time to most Exhibition-goers; the execution is often inimitable, yet unequal, and in parts faulty; the details are more than usually scattered and incoherent, and the general ground-plan of the interior, with the figures diminishing in so-called perspective, presents absolute impossibilities. The five pictures contributed by Mr. Lewis would imply an incredible amount of labour within the twelve months, but we question whether any one among the number reaches the pitch of certain famous water-colour drawings in past years.

Academicians and others by turns ascend to historic heights and descend to the lower level of domestic *genre*. Thus Mr. Cope, R.A., gives his sublime thoughts to the one and surrenders his kindly affections to the other. This painter, in "The Price of Victory," invests the Duke of Wellington in wooden stolidity on a large scale; the colour is opaque, the whole treatment eminently inartistic; the work may be accepted as an historic signboard. Mr. Cope is more within his sphere in simple scenes calling forth tenderness, such as "The Domestic Chaplain." There is careful painting in this picture, though the shadows are rather black; the face of the sick girl blends suffering with resignation. Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., is another painter who varies his style with his subject. "Grinling Gibbons' first Introduction at Court" may have full much flutter of drapery and heat in colour, faults into which the artist has of late fallen; but the story, as usual, is happily told, and there is much admirable painting placed at the service especially of the ladies, who are richly endowed both at the hands of nature and of the milliner. Mr. Ward very properly becomes more grave and severe when he calls attention to "Luther's First Study of the Bible." The Reformer will be scarcely recognised robed as a monk, and still a youth of little more than twenty; moreover, the countenance and bearing have more of the subtlety of the serpent than could be looked for in this boldly-outspoken hero of the Reformation. But whatever controversy there may be as to the reading of the character, most critics will concede that the pictorial treatment is broad, bold, and vigorous. Historic works of this size and import are rare in our English school. Mr. Ward also exhibits a water-colour drawing—"Monk declaring for a Free Parliament." Here, again, he shows grasp of historic situations, power of concentration, and a shrewd eye for character. This small replica is on several accounts to be preferred to the original "Fresco in the Commons Corridor, Houses of Parliament." We may note, in passing, certain free but effective historic readings by Mr. A. Johnston—"Charlotte Corday" and the "Flight of the Queen of James II." This artist has been known not unfavourably for brilliant fancy figures, half rustic, half romantic. His style will admit of some sobering down ere it can settle into historic gravity. Like criticism might hitherto have been directed against the clever offhand manner by which Mr. Marcus Stone has been usually known, and yet assuredly the artist assumed a dignity and decorum not unbefitting history while painting that supremely clever picture, "The Princess Elizabeth obliged to attend Mass by her sister Mary." The composition is thrown off with facile felicity, and though it may threaten to fall asunder where the figures are scantiest, still the action has been kept together by connecting links, and the interest is nowhere allowed to flag through lack of incident.

The picture is lively, yet sufficiently quiet, and the historic event seems to happen naturally and, as it were, by accident; yet the artist makes his presence felt in the well-ordered marshalling of his characters and incidents. Perhaps there is something a little swellish in the bearing of the ambassadors, yet the part of the picture where these dignitaries are installed has been painted with such address that we would rather not find fault, but simply look and admire. Thus, while some of our Academicians, taking their ease, forsake the higher walks of art, and find refuge in *genre*, it is a hopeful sign to find that certain among our young and enterprising painters are struggling upwards into history. "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey," by Mr. J. Pettie, A.R.A., shows how an artist, by giving his mind to more elevated strains of thought, may forsake trivial incidents, and betake himself to national incidents recorded by historians and dramatized by Shakespeare. Yet we do not suppose that even Mr. Pettie can hope that his picture is perfect; thus, while we look admiringly on that profound study of character given in the full face of Wolsey—every line a register of thought, craft, dismay—the question is not impertinent whence and from what data the likeness was obtained? The only portraits of the Cardinal exhibited at Kensington—namely, the one lent by the Royal College of Physicians, the other the well-known and engraved head in the possession of Christ Church, Oxford—are in profile. And, if we mistake not, no full-face of Wolsey exists, the reason assigned being that the Cardinal laboured under a defect of vision which he shrank from displaying by any full-face picture. The answer which it may be possible to give to the above query must materially affect the value of Mr. Pettie's picture as an historic transcript. The picture, as a picture, may be accepted as Mr. Pettie's master-work. Yet the style is in danger of mannerism; like the scratchy execution of Mr. Orchardson, the touch is less that of painting than of etching. As to colour, these broken greens, greys, and olives are nearer to nature north of the Tweed than to our own latitude. The artist has put the highest light upon the Cardinal's diamond ring; and verily gold and diamonds, when painted by Scotchmen, show more light and colour than the sun shining in Edinburgh.

Perhaps neither Mr. Pettie nor Mr. Orchardson has been before seen to greater advantage than now. "The Duke's Antechamber," as to execution and colour, shares the merits, together with the demerits, already assigned to Mr. Pettie in common with others in the Scotch school. But Mr. Orchardson displays traits peculiar to himself; indeed, his style has scarcely escaped eccentricity. This antechamber leads to the audience-room of a Medici or Mecenas, and in it, without sufficient reason, are congregated a motley crew, threadbare in genius—poets, players, musicians, and others—some needy and out at elbows. We will not dwell upon the clever off-hand dash, upon the pointed portraiture of salient character, verging possibly on caricature, upon the expression thrown into heads and transferred to hands—all which merits will be generally conceded. But we have to observe upon the tone and morale which the artist has thought fit to assume. The scene lacks reality; the studies of character must have been made, not in the anteroom of a Duke, but in the green-room of a theatre. The characters, as the costumes, are but properties of the stage. We accept the picture as a fit measure of justice to a company of strolling players, but, instead of being a worthy portraiture of men of genius and of artists in the high sense of the word, it is a parody and caricature. We cannot but think that a painter who is himself in possession of rare artistic power should have done more honour to his vocation. He has used this well-chosen subject, primarily to produce an effective picture, with the incidental advantage of proving his own readiness and resource.

The outsiders are fighting hard for recognition, attesting their strength by well-trained work. We have already mentioned Mr. Marcus Stone; pictures by Mr. Storey, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Wynfield, and others remain for notice. Mr. Storey contributes three works—"Sister," "Going to School: Portraits," and the "Old Soldier"; neither can be said to be quite up to the high mark of the artist's picture last year. Mr. Storey's position, however, seems secure; in the "Old Soldier" we recognise the accustomed style—refinement in feeling, grace in action, balance in composing lines, with a silvery colour and grey haze in atmosphere approaching the manner of young Mr. Leslie. Each painter will have to pray for more strength and less prettiness. Mr. J. E. Hodgson made a great effort when he painted "The Arab Storyteller," which some have mistaken for St. John preaching in the wilderness. The subject is well chosen and carefully considered; central figures, whether preaching or telling stories, always give opportunity for action, and the circle of listeners around can be made to comprise varied character and strong expression. Mr. Hodgson has turned the occasion to good account; the audience is "mixed"; the artist evidently has thrown together his stray sketches in Tangiers; men, women, and children, of colours, creeds, nationalities, classes, conditions the most diversified, here come to listen with attention and gape in wonder at the Arabian Nights' entertainment recited in their presence. Mr. Lane, in his "Modern Egyptians," devotes three chapters to "Public Recitations of Romances"; he estimates that in Cairo there were not fewer than eighty-six persons who practised this calling. We are told, and can easily believe, that "much of the entertainment derived from these recitations depends upon the talent of the mohhammadit, who often greatly improves the stories by his action, and by witty introductions of his own invention." Mr. Hodgson's delineation, if not brilliant, is true; he has gone steadily through his task; the figures have the individuality of portraits, and the accessory landscape is literal

as a sketch made on the spot. The same conscientious, persevering labour Mr. Wynfield brings to bear on a very different theme, "The Rich Widow." The lady, we are told, is "young, beautiful, and a great fortune." The story, it is said, has some foundation in history, otherwise the improbability would seem great that a respectable widow should thus find herself without lady companions in the presence of a crowd of importunate men. The picture, as we have said, is careful as to composition, colour, and execution; the whole is well meant. Before quitting Gallery No. II., in which we have found Mr. Storey and Mr. Wynfield, let us direct attention to Mr. Halswell's "Roba di Roma," a work which for vigour, colour, character, recalls the Spanish pictures of the late John Phillip. We have marked also for commendation two contributions by Mr. J. B. Burgess, of "Bravo, Toro" renown. "A Spanish Monk" is quite after the Spanish school; the figure is almost worthy of Spagnoletto or of Zurbaran, the Spanish Caravaggio. While we look in admiration at this "Spanish Monk," it becomes evident whence Mr. Burgess has obtained breadth, vigour, and deep-toned colour. M. Tourrier also is allied to the *Naturalist*; the somewhat comic and coarse scene taken from Michelet's *Louis XI.* indicates that the painter's studies have been directed to periods of decadence. The artist will injure his position if he does not curb his excesses; "La Sérénade" was not worth the hanging, but as a foreigner M. Tourrier has obtained favour which this year is denied to Englishmen. Among the most inveterate of *Naturalist* painters, such as formerly revelled amid rude nature in the schools of Naples and of Spain, Mr. E. Nicol, A.R.A., has taken his stand. Yet we may congratulate the artist on having mitigated what has been obnoxious about his manner, when he painted that downright and honest work, "A Disputed Boundary." Perhaps we have still a little unnecessary dirt on the boots—a touch of nature as repugnant to good taste as the foulness of feet in Murillo's beggar boys, which provoked the ire of a great purist critic. We think, too, that the scene looks as if enacted on the stage rather than simply transacted in a house; the characters are a little forced and over-drawn. These are faults too often present in cockney schools of painting; simple, rustic nature is, in a vast city, often known only through the stage. It may be further objected that the artist's handling falls into inequality; in some passages the execution is excellent, in others incomplete. Still we accept this picture as one of the marked successes of the year; it is admirable for character, for realism, and for strength.

Loud complaints are still heard, not only as to the cruel exclusion of works for which there was manifest room, but as to the favouritism shown in the pictures admitted. Much of such discontent may be taken as a matter of course; grumbling always has followed and always will follow the opening of the Academy. But we feel bound to mention one instance, cited among others, which does seem to furnish ground for a grievance. A certain "Procession in honour of Bacchus at the time of Vintage" usurps, it must be admitted, an area vastly in excess of its deserts, to the exclusion, be it remembered, of perhaps half a dozen works. We will not repeat the reasons assigned for the alleged favouritism, but simply proceed to speak of this somewhat prolonged and tedious procession according to its merits. The painter, Mr. W. B. Richmond, is the son of the Academician of that name, and a pupil, we are told, of another Academician whose *début* in the Academy was made by an analogous work, not a procession in honour of Bacchus, but of Cimabue. The picture of young Mr. Richmond indicates the advantages which may accrue from good parentage and tuition. Some may object that the drawing is dubious, the execution faltering, that the best passages are compilations from the classic, and that the ambition shown is in excess of power to carry the conception to completeness. Such criticisms, though a little severe, would be scarcely unfounded. Still, on the other hand, it is unfair not to give the painter credit for nobility of conception, high range of poetic thought, and manifest struggle to gain a style ideal and elevated. We certainly cannot but feel grateful to an artist who shall thus bring some relief to the literal naturalism and pretty sentimentality which now afflict the English school. We recall a picture of much beauty and promise which young Mr. Richmond exhibited four years ago in the British Institution. He has in the interim made less advance in technicalities than might have been expected; we can only hope that his hand may yet gain power to express the thoughts which his mind shall conceive.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

THE coalition talked of some three years back has, to the surprise if not to the satisfaction of the operatic world, definitely come to pass. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson are no longer rivals but partners; and although Her Majesty's Theatre is built up again and quite ready for use, the house in Covent Garden has been selected as the arena for the exhibition of their joint enterprise. For reasons which seemed to us sufficiently obvious, we took no notice of the prospectus issued by the directors some time before the opening of the theatre. Mr. Mapleson had made over his company with so little ceremony as to warrant a belief that at least one or two of his principal singers would demand some explanations before submitting unconditionally to the new order of things. And so it happened. One of the most highly prized among them, Madlle. Christine Nilsson, protested; and thus the pledges of the official document, in so far as her name was mixed up with them, went for nothing. True Madlle. Nilsson has since come to terms;

[May 22, 1869.]

but the part she will have to play during the season is materially different from what it might have been had she not taken means to vindicate her position and her interests. Her stipulations, it is said, have been agreed to without reserve; and one of them being the production of the new opera, *Hamlet*, for a specified period, subscribers may look forward with something like assurance to hearing that much talked of work in the Italian language. Rumour gave out, moreover, that this *sive quā non* of Madlle. Nilsson's might possibly lead to another novelty being included among the attractions of the season. If Madlle. Nilsson is to have a new opera expressly got up for her, why not Madame Adelina Patti? Such at any rate, we are informed, was the reasoning of that popular lady; and few will be disposed to deny its validity. The opera said to have been suggested by Madame Patti is the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas, who, we need scarcely add, is also the composer of *Hamlet*. But the season being already far advanced, the production of both these works seems problematical. Nor can we think it at all desirable. M. Thomas is neither an Auber nor a Meyerbeer; he is not even a Gounod.

The advantages to be derived from the amalgamation of the opera-houses remain to be shown. That nothing remarkable has yet come out of it is positive. The fusion of the companies made it necessary to discard certain members of each, inasmuch as it would be impossible to find suitable employment alike for every one of Mr. Mapleson's singers and for every one of Mr. Gye's. So that on either side we miss the names of well-deserving favourites. The directors have begun by dispensing with the greatest artist, if also one of the oldest, on the Italian lyric stage. The first operatic season without Mario will be one to remember, if with nothing else to distinguish it. To Signor Mario's failing powers as a vocalist even his warmest admirers cannot be blind; but he is the most consummate of actors in tragic as in comic opera; and there are certain works in which his loss will be felt as a calamity. Then, as if to keep Signor Mario in countenance, the services have been dispensed with of a still more important personage—no other than Mr., now Sir Michael, Costa, who since the Royal Italian Opera was instituted has been its most powerful support. Whatever the cause of difference the result is to be deplored, and the more so inasmuch as the plan is now adopted of having two conductors instead of one. The effect of this can hardly be otherwise than to confuse, if not eventually to disorganize, the orchestra. In Signor Arditì Mr. Mapleson brought to the coalition the one man by general consent regarded as competent to replace the old experienced chief. Signor Arditì had fairly earned distinction at Her Majesty's Theatre. He had not merely shown himself familiar with the ordinary routine of Italian opera, but capable of understanding and worthily producing the neglected masterpieces of classic art. To him the musical public are indebted for *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, *Medea*, *Iphigenia in Tauride*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Il Seraglio*, and other works of the same calibre, the revival of which will make amateurs look back with regret to Mr. Mapleson's seven years of management in the Haymarket. When, therefore, the two houses became one, it was reasonable to suppose that, on the secession of Mr. Costa, Signor Arditì would have undivided possession of his seat. In place of this, however, we have Signor Arditì and Signor Li Calsi, whose method of conducting appears to differ as essentially as their ability to conduct. In other respects, although, for various causes, certain performers of known experience have retired, as they are replaced by others equally competent, the orchestra is still what it has been for twenty years and more—the first operatic orchestra in Europe.

Without further preamble, we may now briefly review what up to the present time has taken place. On the opening night (March 30) we had *Norma*, played, except in one important instance, exclusively by artists of Mr. Mapleson's company. Madlle. Tietjens was Norma; Madlle. Sinico, Adalgisa; Signor Mongini, Pollio; and Signor Foli, Oroveso; while Signor Arditì presided in the orchestra. These, and the new members of the chorus, who supplied a long and crying want at the Royal Italian Opera, represented Mr. Mapleson; Mr. Gye being represented by Signor Marino, in the minor part of Flavio. The performance (into particulars of which we shall hardly be expected to enter) was considered generally excellent, and the fitness of Signor Arditì to hold with credit a position which every one conversant in such matters knew had been none of his own seeking, was unanimously recognised. Bellini's hackneyed work was followed by Verdi's *Rigoletto*. In the cast of this opera the disparity between the resources of the two managers was less apparent, though again the director of Her Majesty's Theatre had considerably the advantage. Madlle. Vanzini, the *prima donna*, at any rate, was a member of the Covent Garden troupe last year; and though her Gilda, compared with other Gildas we have known (not to appeal to so high a standard as the late Madame Bosio), was second-rate at the best, it was by no means devoid of merit. The other characters were allotted to Madlle. Scalchi, (Maddalena), Signor Mongini (Duke of Mantua), Signor Foli (Spazafucile), and Mr. Santley (Rigoletto)—all from the old house. That the music assigned to the Court-Jester would be admirably sung by Mr. Santley was anticipated; but few had looked for the extraordinary advance of our English baritone in the histrionic department of his art. Mr. Santley's *Rigoletto* was the most striking feature of the performance, although the splendid voice of Signor Mongini, now, in spite of manifest errors of taste and want of balance, foremost of Italian tenors, was heard to distinguished advantage in many parts of the opera, and especially in "La donna è mobile." The conductor on this occasion was Signor Li

Calsi, Mr. Gye's former "*répétiteur*," under whose direction the accompaniments were given in such a manner as to make it difficult to believe that we were listening to the Covent Garden players. Thus the inexpediency of having two directors of one orchestra was early established. That the custom obtains at Berlin and elsewhere on the Continent is true; but it is bad, all the same, and has never within the memory of two generations been tolerated at the Grand Opera in Paris, where alone performances on a par with those to which we have been accustomed for so long a period at the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre can be heard. With *Fidelio*, which came next, the case was very different. Signor Arditì again held the conductor's stick, and, from the overture (the great *Leonora*, No. 3) to the *finale*, the masterpiece of Beethoven, in so far as orchestra and chorus were concerned, was well presented. The characters on the stage, with a solitary exception, were allotted to Mr. Mapleson's singers—Madlle. Tietjens (*Fidelio*), (*Leonora*), Madlle. Sinico (*Marcellina*), Mr. C. Lyall (*Jacquino*), Signor Foli (*Rocco*), and Signor Bulterini (*Florestan*)—Mr. Gye merely contributing Signor Campi, as the Minister, who does not appear till the last scene, when the dramatic interest has culminated. The single novelty was the Florestan of Signor Bulterini, one of the worst we remember, just as Mr. C. Lyall's *Jacquino* is the best. Signor Bulterini has a loud voice and sings loudly—which is all we have to say of him. With Signor Mongini in the theatre, it was lamentable to hear the soliloquy of Florestan in the dungeon-scene, and the tenor part of the trio and duet, thus sacrificed. Signor Mongini, however, has, doubtless, no wish to engross the entire repertory. Immediately after *Fidelio* we find him singing his best as the hero of an opera that has nothing in common with *Fidelio*—Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*, about which, beyond recording that the other characters were supported by Madlle. Tietjens, Madlle. Scalchi, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley (all Mr. Mapleson's), we need say nothing. This motley lyric melodrama stands much in need of repose; and if it were laid aside for years there would be little to regret. To Verdi succeeded Donizetti—not at his liveliest, but at his dullest. When the facile Bergamese—whose comic operas (although closely modelled on Rossini's) are perfect—wrote *Linda di Chamounix* for Vienna, he tried hard to please the German taste, but only succeeded in proving that the sentimental drama was not his element. Its more important pieces are alike ambitious and feeble, as much so as those in *Maria di Rohan*, his other Viennese opera. The concerted music is of course well written; but in the airs, duets, &c., "O luce di quest' anima" allowed for, there is scarcely a fresh thought to be discovered. That strangely-gifted and eccentric Hungarian, Madlle. Ilma di Murska, nevertheless, invariably contrives to make the heroine interesting; while Antonio is one of Mr. Santley's most effective parts and in the absence of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madlle. Scalchi is perhaps as good a Pierotto as could now be found, with a voice as rich as that of Madlle. Grossi (Mr. Gye's *contralto*) and more flexible. Signor Naudin's Carlo is not remarkable; but Signor Ciampi's Marquis is especially remarkable both for its obtrusiveness and its utter absence of genuine humour. That King of France who said, "Je n'aime pas les bouffes qui ne me font pas rire," would hardly have liked Signor Ciampi. Once more in *Linda* we had a shifting of conductors, Signor L. Calsi holding the baton, but failing to control the orchestra, which seemed either not to comprehend or not to pay attention to his "beat." Next, in due course came the *Huguenots*, with Madlles. Tietjens and Ilma di Murska, Signor Mongini and Mr. Santley, respectively as Valentine, the Queen, Raoul, and St. Bris. Of these, beyond the fact that the voice of Madlle. Tietjens betrayed symptoms that should forbid the too prodigal use of it in such exacting operas as those of Meyerbeer, we have nothing new to say. The other parts were sustained by Madlle. Vanzini, who, being a soprano, gave Urbain's air, "Nobil Signor," in the original key; Signor Bagagiolo, whose fine rich bass sounded well in a great deal of the music belonging to the fanatic, Marcel, but who sang without spirit and acted without intelligence; and Signor Tagliacchio, still a Nevers without peer, although his resources are by no means what they used to be. Signor Arditì (happily) directed the performance; and the value of the new reinforcements of the chorus was sensibly felt throughout the opera, most of all in the noble scene of the "Benediction of the Swords."

About the performance immediately following we are able to speak in terms of almost unrestricted praise. The opera was *Il Flauto Magico*, the chief characters in which were represented by Madlles. Tietjens, Sinico, and Ilma di Murska (Pamina, Papagena, and the "Queen of Night"), Signors Bulterini and Foli (Tamino and Sarastro), Messrs. C. Lyall and Santley (Monostatos and Papageno). This, with one exception, Signor Bulterini *victus* Signor Bettini (by no means an improvement), was precisely the same cast as during the series of performances given by Mr. Mapleson at Covent Garden Theatre in the winter—a foreshadowing, as it were, of the coalition to come. So that, Signor Arditì being at the conductor's desk, though the performance was in Mr. Gye's theatre, the idea of Mr. Gye's company could scarcely once have occurred to any one, except, perhaps, when Signors Marino and Fallar, as the "two armed men," were endeavouring to sing the *canto fermo*, in front of the "Orrida Monte," near the end of the last act. Up to this time certainly the "coalition" had been a strange one, seeing that the most essential requirements were exclusively furnished by one of the parties coalescing. The unanimous feeling, however, seemed to be that this representation of *Il Flauto Magico* was calculated to raise expectations for the future. Even new

scenery had been expressly painted; and though many traditional accessories to the odd fantastic story were wanting—more than when Mr. Gye produced the opera, some eighteen years since, at the old Covent Garden, more even than very recently, when it was revived under Signor Arditu at Her Majesty's Theatre—yet enough was there to show that commendable pains had been taken in getting up the work. Mozart's enchantingly melodious music was for the most part sung extremely well; and, to name but a single instance, Madlle. de Murska, by her vigorous and splendid delivery of the almost impossible air assigned to Astrifiammante in the second act, roused the audience to enthusiasm. The weak feature of the performance, in addition to the Tamino of Signor Bulterini, was the execution of the part-music allotted to the three benevolent "genii" and the three attendants on the "Queen of Night"; but even here there were redeeming points. From the overture, that unparalleled combination of fancy with erudition, to the end, the orchestra was all that could be desired.

That which Beethoven pronounced the masterpiece of German lyric drama was followed by what, although composed by an Italian, is unquestionably the masterpiece of French lyric drama—*Guillaume Tell*. In the earlier days of the Royal Italian Opera the appearance of this great work was always an event. But of late it has been less cared for, and there have probably been as many unsatisfactory representations of *Guillaume Tell* as of any opera in the repertory. With Signor Li Calsi at the head of the orchestra, in place of Mr. Costa, it is not surprising that the performance on the present occasion should for the greater part have been mediocre. Such, indeed, was the case, at least in so far as concerned the orchestra and chorus. Inexperienced a conductor as he is, nevertheless the fault did not wholly lie with Signor Li Calsi. The orchestra knew the music by heart, and with a little attention might have played it as they have often played it before; but this was not the case with the chorus, which in the grandest situation of all—the meeting of the delegates from the four Cantons (*finale* of Act II.)—appeared quite perplexed. *Guillaume Tell*, however, did not belong to the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre; and it was unreasonable to expect that the singers drafted from that establishment should be able to learn choral music so difficult within the short period allowed them for committing it to memory. The redeeming point was the superb singing of Signor Mongini, who, with the exception of Signor Tamberlik, approaches nearer to Duprez than any other representative of Arnold we can call to mind. Signor Mongini was not well supported, Signor Graziani being by no means imposing as Guillaume Tell, and Signor Bagagiolo, despite his fine voice, by no means effective as Walter. In Madlle. Sinico, on the other hand, there was a really competent Mathilde; and notwithstanding all shortcomings, music so original and picturesque as that of Rossini could not fail to make its impression. At the same time we should like to have spoken in a tone far less discouraging about the performance of such a work at the Royal Italian Opera.

The return of Madlle. Christine Nilsson and Madame Adelina Patti, the production of *Robert le Diable*, and the first appearance of Signor Bottero, a new "buffo," must form the subject of a future article.

REVIEWS.

VEITCH'S MEMOIR OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

(First Notice.)

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S reputation is at the present moment suffering excessive depreciation. This is to be attributed, as its immediate cause, to Mr. Mill's critical review. The more remote, but original, cause lies in the circumstance that his celebrity was, not too great, but one of indefinite attribution. In the money-market undue inflation is followed by a reaction to an equally unreasoning depreciation of all securities; indefinite credit breeding equally indefinite mistrust. So it is in literature. Sir W. Hamilton was known to the public as a "great philosopher." But no definite idea of the peculiar kind of greatness was entertained. So that when Mr. Mill's assault came, the greatness exploded, and the public "sold out" with as little reason as they had before "bought in." The crisis, however, will pass. Sir W. Hamilton will be restored, not to popular worship, but to a noble niche in the temple of fame. His place in that temple is that, not of the founder of a system, or of an innovator on established modes of thought, but that of a transmitter of what has been thought and said. As a scholar and a man of learning, his acquirements were unequalled, in this country, in our time. And a unique position is not only apprehended with difficulty, but is especially liable to misconstruction and detraction.

The present Memoir will do much towards reinstating Sir W. Hamilton in his legitimate place in general estimation. It is not very long. For though it might have been compressed, yet it contrasts favourably in this respect with the two-volume biographies in which the affection of sorrowing relatives is apt to entomb the memory of the departed. It is interesting. The writer, Professor Veitch, has succeeded in blending the domestic with the intellectual life of Sir W. Hamilton, in one graphic picture, as

biographers rarely do succeed. It is in the proper key; respectful towards its subject, while free from the panegyrical and honorific excesses into which the zeal of discipleship so frequently hurries the pen of the chronicler who is at once pupil and family friend.

Sir W. Hamilton's was not a life of incident. He was born in 1788, and died in 1856, in his sixty-eighth year. The span of life thus allotted to him was laid out with a rare consistency of pursuit. It was divided between his study and his lecture-room; between the acquisition and the dispensation of knowledge. It was not till 1836, in his forty-eighth year, that he was able to obtain the position for which he was so eminently qualified, and to which he may be said to have had a natural right—namely, a University chair. It is impossible, indeed, to read the record of his fruitless attempts to obtain a professorship, and his final success by a majority of four (eighteen to fourteen) over a very inferior competitor, without a bitter feeling of our national neglect of the interests of the higher education. Sir William was an Oxford man, a Snell Exhibitioner of Balliol, and was in the First Class in 1810. For six-and-twenty years after this he was competing unsuccessfully for poorly paid chairs in Scotland. By the time he was forty he had become widely recognised as the most learned scholar of his day in the history of philosophy. And all this while the richly-endowed chairs and headships of his own University were filled by men who neither taught nor knew any science; while fellowships—life-pensions better than many a Scotch professorship—were given away in batches to young men of five-and-twenty, whose whole stock of knowledge consisted of half a dozen Greek and Latin authors.

During these twenty-six years Hamilton, who had inherited no private fortune with the baronetcy, had to trust to the Bar for support. His professional practice was respectable, though not large. His legal acquirements were not inconsiderable, including a thorough knowledge of the civil law. His opinion in antiquarian cases, including the history of teinds, was esteemed. But while his political views, as a Whig, excluded him from any share in the numerous legal appointments at the disposal of Government, his intellectual pursuits and his scholarly repute were positive disrecommendations to the agents who have the making of the young advocate. The wearisome pacing to and fro of the Parliament House was soon abandoned, and with it the best chance of a brief, for those underground recesses in which were then stored the choice treasures of the Advocates' Library. There was open to him literature. But periodical writing was not then the regular and paying profession it has since become. And Hamilton's acquirements were of that solid kind that were not easily minted into current coin. Under compulsion he could write with great rapidity, yet he took up his pen with great reluctance, and required an outward stimulus to engage him in composition. Such a stimulus was supplied by his marriage in 1829, and, as a Whig, the *Edinburgh Review* was open to him. The *Edinburgh* occupied then a high position, being in the hands of a man of distinct literary taste, and a personal interest in questions of speculative philosophy—Mr. Macvey Napier. Mr. Napier lost no time in applying to Sir William, or rather compelling him to write, against his inclination. He even selected the subject, the *Cours de Philosophie* of M. Cousin, then at the head of the first philosophical movement in France after the discouragements of the Empire and the Restoration. The famous essay on "The Philosophy of the Unconditioned," which first made Continental thinkers aware that speculative knowledge was not extinct in Scotland, was hastily written under pressure from without. M. Cousin himself, of whose doctrine it was a refutation, admitted that it was a masterpiece, procured its translation into French, and commenced a correspondence which led to a warm friendship between him and Sir William.

From 1829 to 1836, Hamilton's biography is the history of his contributions to the *Edinburgh*. Each of them was an event. His article on Oxford, in 1831, contributed not a little to the fact of the Oxford Commission of 1852; and in one important particular determined the direction of the Report of that Commission. In 1836 came his successful attempt on the Chair of Logic. Instead of entreating his acceptance of this not very distinguished post—it had been held for some years by a Dr. Ritchie—Hamilton was under the necessity of propitiating a body of thirty-three respectable citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly engaged in trade. His testimonials, including an inflated one from Victor Cousin, were overwhelming. But they did not, it was complained by the Town Council, afford evidence of his being a religious man. He was reputed to be a great reader of "German philosophy." His philosophical style was "obscure"—to the Town Council of Edinburgh. He declined to "mendicate the votes" of the patrons by the personal solicitation either of himself or friends. It might have been thought that his candidature was as hopeless as it had been in 1820, when the author of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* was preferred to him as a Professor of "Moral Philosophy." It would have been so, but that a powerful champion was raised up in the person of Adam Black, then City Treasurer. Mr. Black's indignation was roused by the attempt to make the election one of theological party, and he came to the rescue. Professor Veitch also hints that, though Sir William was unflinching in his abstinence from personal canvass, his friends were more worldly-wise.

Sir William occupied the Logic chair for twenty years. From his appointment began a new epoch, not only in the University of Edinburgh, but far beyond its limits. Fresh active thought

* *Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.* By John Veitch, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

on philosophical themes had ceased as a power in Scotland. The impetus which Hume and Reid had given to speculation, and which Dugald Stewart had propagated, was apparently spent. Logic had ceased to be taught in the chairs nominally assigned to it, and the higher problems of metaphysics were entirely strange. The aim of philosophical teaching had come to be regarded, as in the English Universities, as a discipline of the faculties by means of composition on general themes. Philosophy had died of inanition. With Sir W. Hamilton began a new life for speculation, and a fresh impulse to the students. He had the art of inspiring and impressing young minds, opening up to them new fields of thought and vision, and giving principles and convictions which passed into their intellectual and religious life, to an extent which has very rarely been equalled by any academic teacher. In class drill, or disciplinary exercises, he was surpassed by many. He did little by way of interrogation, and had not even much power of oral explanation or illustration. Formal discipline lay in an inferior sphere. Hamilton's power consisted in inspiring in the students the interest he himself felt in the problems of philosophy. The Scottish speculation of the last century, when it is considered to have been most flourishing, had been too ignorant of the past. A superficial acquaintance with Aristotle, probably gained from a Latin version, was the utmost that either Reid or Brown had possessed. In Sir W. Hamilton the relation of present to past thought found, for the first time, a living exponent. He did not select striking or favourite parts of his subject, but was able to mark out from the outset the various departments of philosophy, and to develop each branch in its due subordination to the whole. He made a strong demand on the attention of every student. But when once this was given, the listener was naturally carried on from the more elementary to the more advanced parts of the subject. Those who had an aptitude for it were roused even to enthusiasm. The style of his lectures was naturally not so condensed as that of his published writings. It was a combination of passages of precise, technical, exactly correct expositions, with interspersed passages of mingled eloquence and quotation from Plato, or Pascal, or Malebranche, from Boethius, or Sir John Davies.

But Hamilton's class were not let off with the mere passive exercise of listening. There was plenty of work for them. He did not follow the usual practice of catechetical repetition. He required each student to prepare the last lecture in such a way as to be ready, if called up, to give an abstract of any part of it which might be selected by the Professor, without the prompting of consecutive questions. They were encouraged to add of their own, on these occasions, what was called "additional information," i.e., subjects connected with the lectures. There were often several lectures in arrear, and the student had to be prepared to take up at any point. Some of the lectures contained long series of minute and extremely subtle discriminations, such as the thirty-three distinctions between mediate and immediate knowledge, and the thirty-one between the primary and secondary qualities of body. The effort of preparation for these oral examinations was a most invigorating one to those who made it, for it was impossible to remember the lectures without understanding them. The mere *memoriter* men were sure to break down. Besides this, essays might be sent in, extracts from which, strictly limited to five minutes, might be read before the class. Prizes for essays were also given, and awarded at the end of the session by the votes of the class.

The power of the teacher was seconded by the fascination of the man. He was unpretending, even silent, in general society. He did not shine as a talker. His manner as a lecturer was characterized by dignity, earnestness, simplicity. He did not assume the pomp of learned pedantry. His superiority was felt by the students, but not because he made it felt. Courteous and unaffected, ready to answer difficulties, he was warmly loved by pupils who never saw him but in the chair, and never exchanged more than a few unimportant words with him. During the session it was his custom to invite parties of students to his house in Great King Street. Dr. Cairns remembers one of these evenings when, assailed by successive groups of querists, he stood for hours with his back against his bookshelves, and met all comers with that unconsciousness of his greatness which was the charm of his society.

Hamilton had thus found his way, late in life, to his proper work. But the day was too far spent, and the happiness of unimpeded energy was broken up by failing power. In 1844 the strong man was struck down by paralysis. Though only in his fifty-sixth year, he had taxed his strength to the utmost, not to say abused it. His enormous accumulation of knowledge had been purchased by midnight study. At Oxford, in 1808, he had made a resolution to rise always at six. But it was not adhered to. Late hours and prolonged work at night became the rule. During session he gave three lectures a week, and each lecture was written the night before. The lecture-hour was one o'clock, and the lectures seldom got to bed before five or six. Frequently he had to be up before nine in order to attend the Teind Court. This was too great a tax upon the strongest physique. Few students who have ventured on the practice have lived, like Leibnitz, to be seventy-eight. The seizure—hemiplegia of the right side—was sudden and severe. Though speech was rendered difficult, the mental faculties were untouched; his wonderful memory, in particular, remaining unimpaired. Though he rallied from the attack, he never became again the man he had been. Though he resumed

not only the labours of the study, but the work of the classes, it was evident that the mind alone sustained the failing body in the effort. He had to be carried or assisted up the stairs to the class-room. He would have been glad to retire. But a Scotch professorship is attended with no retiring pension, and Sir William had no private means. Application was made under these circumstances to Lord Russell, and again to Lord Palmerston, to place Sir William on the list of Sir Robert Peel's fund, by which £1,200^l is annually granted to persons eminent in science and literature. The application was refused by both the Whig Premiers, not without circumstances of indignity. Lord Palmerston characteristically thought that novelists had a better claim to relief. Lord Russell offered Sir William £100^l, at the same time that he bestowed, unasked, £300^l on John Wilson (Christopher North), who had been a bitter enemy of the Liberal cause, and had held for five-and-twenty years a chair of Philosophy to which he never ought to have been appointed. Afterwards £100^l a year was obtained for Lady Hamilton, and this was all the recognition that Sir William Hamilton ever received from the country. He was accordingly compelled to drudge on with the duties of the class-room, long after he had ceased to be equal to the work they imposed. Even with the professorship, it is hard to conceive how he contrived to bring up a family, and to amass a valuable collection of books. The income of the professorship never amounted to £500^l, and this was burdened for the first seven years with a pension of £100^l to Dr. Kitchie. He was constrained to the humiliation of applying for some inferior legal office which he might unite with the professorship, such as that of Deputy Keeper of the Great Seal, or Clerk of the Court of Session. He was passed over on both occasions. He had chosen his vocation, and it was clearly enough intimated to him that he must abide by it—to know and to starve. Of barren honour he had enough. One honorary title he enjoyed, which was probably unique. Being a layman, he was a D.D. of Leyden. The fame of learning brought curious strangers. A man "engaged in trade," from South Shields, followed him from Edinburgh to Dumbartonshire, where he was spending the summer, to get him to write his name in a copy of the *Discussions*, and then returned without caring to visit even Loch Lomond.

In 1853 he had an accident; he fell and broke his arm, and his system received a shock from which it never completely recovered. He dragged himself painfully through the work of the session 1854–5, and spent his last summer, 1855, at Auchtertool, a retired spot in Fifehire. The depression of health and spirits was now become sadly evident. The Memoir of Dugald Stewart, which he had engaged to write for his edition of the Works, weighed heavily on his mind. He returned to Edinburgh, and made a desperate effort to get through the work of the session. He succeeded. But the work had exhausted all his remaining force. He died on May 5, 1856, of congestion of the brain, aged sixty-eight.

Sir William Hamilton was not a sayer of good things, but characteristic traits of the man are scattered in abundance over the pages of Professor Veitch's interesting volume. Of the contributors of reminiscences the best are Dr. Cairns and Professor Spencer Baynes. Dr. Cairns suppresses, however, what we should most have liked to have had—his opinions on men and things uttered in perfect freedom. His daughter's record of his domestic habits is a most melancholy one, an account of the struggles of the vigorous mind with the prison-house of the body. To go up or down stairs was a labour to him, and he carried on his study in the room used by all the family. His power of absorption was so great that he had often to be spoken to more than once before he could be made to hear. He established himself on a sofa, with the books he required for the day within easy distance. There he made his first notes in pencil, and dictated what he wished to write afterwards to an amanuensis. The amanuensis was usually his daughter. In earlier years Lady Hamilton had alone discharged this fatiguing office. No account, however brief, of Sir William Hamilton ought to omit to pay a tribute to the devoted love and care by which he was attended, in sickness and in health, by Lady Hamilton. Without her he never would have done what he did. She had been much to him before his illness. In his helpless state she became well-nigh all to him. He did not talk on politics, though in the Crimean campaign he had the newspapers read straight through to him. Otherwise his relaxation was having novels or travels read to him. He was particularly fond of works of the imaginative type—*Frankenstein*, the *Ancient Mariner*, and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. He was as fond of fairy tales as a child. He was easily moved by the pathetic and the comic. Even in the class-room his sense of the ludicrous sometimes overcame professorial propriety, and the fit of laughter was for the time absolutely uncontrollable. His reading had supplied him with rich bits of bathos, which he was fond of repeating with enjoyment. There was a tenderness about him which enhanced even slight words of affection. His family were devotedly attached to him, and people who stayed in the house were always fond of him. Nothing made him more angry than ill-treatment of animals; in driving, he was very careful of horses. We conclude with the odd fact that he could take laudanum in almost any quantity—500 drops—without being sensibly affected.

STEINMETZ'S HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.*

HERE is another of the class of cram books. Strange to say, however, it does not profess to be designed for candidates in any branch of any service, civil or military. Dr. Steinmetz is "Master of Modern History and Literature in Bedford Grammar School," and his "chief object in publishing this work is to furnish his pupils with a compendium for their instruction in Modern History." He tells us also, what we do not at all doubt, that "it will be very gratifying to him if sufficient useful and valuable information should be found in this volume to lead to its introduction, not only into other schools as a Text-book, but also into private libraries as a Book of Reference." Indeed with regard to his own pupils, Dr. Steinmetz goes so far as to "trust that it will become the means of their acquiring a fair knowledge of this branch of study." Dr. Steinmetz must have singular notions as to the adaptation of means to ends. That his book may be adopted as a Text-book in schools is not at all unlikely, because the worse a book of this kind is, the more likely it is to be adopted in schools. But that anybody in Bedford School or anywhere else could ever acquire a fair knowledge of modern history from Dr. Steinmetz's handbook is a dream of the very wildest kind. Indeed the Bedford boys seem to be even worse off in the matter of history than the Uppingham boys are in the matter of grammar. Mr. Thring was at least grotesque, and we could laugh at his gambols. Dr. Steinmetz is dull as well as blundering; we cannot even laugh till just at the end, when the Doctor climbs Mount Gerizim, and blesses the present sovereigns of Europe all round, save only Spain, where, for lack of a sovereign, he is driven to bless the nation instead. The book is so very bad that one half suspects that it is made bad on purpose because bad books of this sort answer better than good ones. A clear, accurate, interesting book, which boys and girls would delight in, seems strange and puzzling to ignorant masters and mistresses, and has a poor chance against Mangnall, Markham, and Mauder. So perhaps it is in sheer worldly wisdom that Dr. Steinmetz has carefully avoided making the least use of all the light that has been thrown upon history and cognate subjects during the present generation. We conceive that Dr. Steinmetz is a German, and perhaps no German could, if he tried, be quite so ignorant as some Englishmen. But the Doctor, to do him justice, drives native industry in this matter very hard. The positive blunders are many, but what angers one in books of this class even more than the positive blunders is the utter failure to bring out any of the great points of history—the lack of so much as an attempt to group and to narrate in such a way that the pupil may be interested at the time and may remember afterwards. The whole thing, even when not positively wrong, is dull and dead. No use whatever is made of the great discoveries of the day in those matters which give life to history. Historical geography, ethnology, comparative philology, are mysteries to teachers who have to unlearn; to children, who have only to learn, they are, if properly set before them, simply fascinating. In writing Dr. Steinmetz begins his book with the Goths and the Huns. A teacher who wished to interest his pupils might cut his story of the doings of the Goths even shorter than Dr. Steinmetz does, but whatever he left out, he would not leave out the fact that these same Goths are really near kinsfolk of our own, speaking a language essentially the same as our own. Show a child a verse or two of Wulfila; show him how the long words which look so strange are really the same as the short words which he himself uses every moment, and he will listen with interest, and attach a meaning to the word Goth ever after. But to load his memory with the mere names of Hermanic and Valens and Stilicho, without any attempt to put life into the dry bones, does no good at all.

It is certainly a painful duty which is cast upon us when we have to point out, week after week, year after year, the same errors, the same misconceptions, coming over and over again in the class of books to which Dr. Steinmetz's Handbook belongs. It really looks sometimes as if the labours of so many scholars were wholly fruitless, as if accurate historical notions were making no way, as if all that could ever be hoped for was the enlightenment of a chosen few. We believe, however, that there is hope after all, that truth does gradually dribble through the hard strata of ignorance and dulness, and we must remember how very many the strata are which divide the works of a real scholar from the handbooks which have most vogue in the ordinary class of schools. The thing however must be tried; we must have books for schools, books for children, either written or at least superintended by scholars of the highest order. They would have difficulties many and great to strive against; but they would gradually make their way in here and there, and they might perhaps in the end clear the field of rubbish. It is not of the learners that we have any fear, but only of the teachers. The more truth assumes the guise of a story-book, the more likely it is to succeed, because it is the more likely to come directly under the eyes of learners. Mr. Cox's little books must have given many children, and some parents and teachers, an intelligent idea of mythology. It is perhaps not too much to hope that some day a method of the same kind may throw light and life, and, if Mr. Arnold likes, sweetness too, into popular ideas of the Wandering of the Nations and of the mediæval Empire.

As for Dr. Steinmetz and the unlucky Bedford boys, no light or life or sweetness has as yet reached them. They have still to

work in the dull old rut, to have every exploded fancy of our grandmothers still handed down to them. Perhaps we should not say every exploded fancy, for the fact of Dr. Steinmetz's German birth or descent does save us from one. The Bedford boys are not taught in so many words that Charles the Great was a French Emperor reigning at Paris. Marry this is somewhat, and on these occasions we are thankful for very small mercies. But Dr. Steinmetz teaches the Bedford boys to talk about France and Frenchmen a great deal too soon for any clear view of the history of Gaul and Germany, both under Charles himself and before the appearance of the Karlings. Indeed, as he makes Pippin "introduce a system of annual assemblies or parliaments called Champs de Mars, or Mai," we are not clear that he does not fancy that Pippin talked *lingua Romana*. And certainly very little will be gained if the Bedford boys, instead of thinking (as Mr. G. P. R. James, who wrote a "Life of Charlemagne," did) that Charles was a modern Frenchman who conquered Germany, are led to think that Charles was a German who conquered modern France. The point is to teach the Bedford boys and everybody else that France and Frenchmen did not exist at all in those times. Till we come to the days when there was a State roughly conterminous with modern France and speaking a language which is an older form of modern French, the use of those words simply misleads. So with Switzerland, Scotland, Austria, England itself, clearness and accuracy never can be gained till people learn to forbear using the modern names before they can be used in something like the modern meaning. Here is a specimen of Dr. Steinmetz's way of dealing with such matters:—

When the empire of Charlemagne was divided, Switzerland fell to the share of the French; but they did not long retain this country, as it was soon added to the new kingdom of Burgundy. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, on the extinction of the dukes of Zähringen, who, under the name of regents, had governed Switzerland in the place of the German Emperors, it was joined to the Empire as an independent province. In the following century, we find the country divided into a number of petty States, both secular and ecclesiastical, such as the dominions of the Bishop of Bâle, the Abbé of St. Gall, the Counts of Hapsburg, Baden, Kyburg, &c. The towns of Zurich, Bâle, Bern, and some others, had the rank of free and imperial cities. A part of the inhabitants of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden held directly from the Empire, and these were governed by their own magistrates; but they were afterwards placed under the jurisdiction of governors (Landvögte), who exercised supreme power in the Emperor's name.

Such was the constitution of Switzerland when the Emperor Albrecht I., of Austria, the son of Rudolph of Hapsburg, conceived the project of extending his dominions by the annexation of this country, in which he had already had considerable possessions.

It is a small comfort that Dr. Steinmetz has heard of the kingdom of Burgundy, and his account of the condition of the Waldstätte, though not good, might have been worse. But the Bedford boys are evidently taught to think that Switzerland *eo nomine* existed from the ninth century. What may be meant by being "joined to the Empire as an independent province" is beyond us, and Dr. Steinmetz, as a German, ought to know that the original Switzerland was purely German ground, and that instead of Switzerland as a whole ever having been Burgundian—to talk of its being "French" is of course nonsense—a good half of the present Confederation lies within the old German boundary. Now what idea of Swiss history can the Bedford boys get from this sort of talk? Yet we cannot believe that they are so stupid that they could not understand, if any sensible person told them, how certain Germans in a corner of Germany were enabled by peculiar circumstances to become unusually independent of the Empire and still more independent of any intermediate lord, how they formed a League among themselves, how the League grew, how this League and its several members conquered certain Welsh-speaking districts, Burgundian and Italian, and how in the course of time their connexion with Germany was wholly dropped, while the conquered Burgundian and Italian districts have been raised to the rank of equal confederates with the original German States. Such a statement is no harder, but a good deal easier than the other, only it implies emancipation from that bondage to the modern map from which it would seem as if ten thousand geographical Garibaldis could not set us free.

We have seen that the fact of Dr. Steinmetz's German origin has saved him from falling quite so low into the depth on one or two points as purely insular blunderers are wont to fall. But it is strange that it has done nothing to save him from the most monstrous confusions with regard to the Empire. Sir Edward Creasy has read Mr. Bryce, but Dr. Steinmetz clearly has not. We have the vulgar talk about "German Emperor," "Emperor of Germany," and so forth throughout. And this sort of thing is all the queerer from being mixed up with stray bits of accuracy all along. For instance, Dr. Steinmetz knows that Maximilian introduced the titles of "Romanorum Imperator electus" and "Germanicus Rex." So, to go back some centuries, Conrad the First is chosen "Emperor of Germany," and "assumes this new title." But presently, under Otto, we read:—

Three important events especially mark his reign. Firstly, with his election as sole Emperor or King, to the total exclusion of his brothers from any share in the government, it became an established fact that Germany was to be henceforth an elective and undividable empire. Secondly, he was crowned Emperor of the Romans and King of Lombardy, titles that, for more than eight hundred years after, were united with the royal sceptre of Germany.

But a few pages further on we read:—

Italy.—We have already had occasion to allude to the history of this country, whilst relating that of the German Empire, as after the elevation of Otho the Great to the dignity of a Roman king, the annals of the two

* *A History of Modern Europe, from the Invasion of the Barbarians to the Present Day (A.D. 375-1869). A Handbook for Schools. By the Rev. H. Steinmetz, Ph. D. London: Longmans & Co.*

countries were greatly interwoven. Though Italy was under the sovereignty of the German Emperors, their authority was scarcely more than nominal. What can come of this sort of utter jumble? As for our own island, we are told that "in 449 or 450" "the Saxons and Angles founded the Saxon Heptarchy." This enlightened piece of description is immediately followed in the same paragraph by the incomprehensible remark that "Wallia was succeeded by Dietrich I. (Theodoric I.), (Deric), a prudent, brave, and noble king, and most probably a son of Alaric the Great." Here we have got back again among the Goths, but we never heard that Wallia or "Dietrich" reigned in Britain. Indeed as Dietrich we should decline all connexion with him, however much we might welcome him as Theodric. Elsewhere the early history of England is summed up in this intelligent way:—

Many battles were fought and much blood was shed, before the unfortunate Britons were driven further up the country, and their kingdom divided into seven provinces, called the Saxon Heptarchy.

The history of this period is enveloped in much obscurity, owing to the perpetual wars. We must therefore briefly notice, that during the reign of Ethelbert, King of Kent, the seven kingdoms were reduced to three. It was in the time of this monarch that Augustine introduced Christianity into Britain. After the death of Offa the Terrible, King of Mercia, and nearly four centuries from the arrival of the first German freebooters in Britain, Egbert, King of Wessex, united the three kingdoms into one, henceforth called England, after the Angles, the most powerful of the invading tribes. Many battles were fought, but it is a little hard on the Bedford boys that Dr. Steinmetz could not strain a point to tell them of their own local battle in 571. The seven kingdoms being reduced to three is a novelty. Getting on a little further, Dr. Steinmetz tells us with all authority, "In the course of the tenth century, we consider only one king worthy of notice, and this is Athelstan." Alas for Eadward the Unconquered and Edgar the Peaceful! Dr. Steinmetz has altogether put an extinguisher on their fame. That we get the conventional rubbish about "real heirs" and "usurpers" at all dates from the election of Aelfred to the election of John is a matter of course.

So much for Dr. Steinmetz's way of dealing with whole nations and periods. We will end by culling a few flowers in detail. The Eternal City on its capture by Alaric is thus condescendingly patted on the back:—

Thus fell Rome, a city which dated 1163 years from its foundation, and whose power had subdued and civilized a considerable part of mankind. Augustulus in p. 16 somewhat oddly "resigns the throne and imperial title in favour of Odoacer," who is presently "obliged to surrender his empire to Theodoric." Theodoric, however, "imitates the example of Odoacer by calling himself King of Italy"—which there is not the slightest evidence that he ever did. Theodora (p. 21) was a "woman of doubtful character," "daughter of a bear-leader"—a description of her father's calling which, though not wholly inaccurate, has a very odd sound. At some time between 573 and 718 there existed "new Lombardian [sic] Empire, over which a number of insignificant kings ruled." The Saxons and Slavonians are in p. 92 coupled together as "German tribes." At an early stage of the book we are told that "Louis Philippe had to make way for a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte," which reminds us that we were once in a roomful of people who thought us very ignorant for maintaining that the *coup d'état* did not happen in 1848. But in the course of nine centuries Dr. Steinmetz learned a little better, and we get the story in its proper place. Hugh Capet, by the way, Dr. Steinmetz thinks, was "anointed at Rheims"; and Louis the Seventh was a "young and licentious king." The respectable Empress Theodora (not the bear-leader's daughter) was as "depraved" as her sister Zoe; and her uncle, the Slayer of the Bulgarians, is not worth naming, but is casually implied as one of "these warlike emperors." In 1453 "the Anglo-Saxon dominion in France was at last over," which reminds us that, according to Dr. Steinmetz, it was to "France" that William the Conqueror, from some unrecorded and inscrutable motive, went back after his coronation at Westminster. To jump on a bit, Pius the Second (p. 149) is passed by as one of "a succession of weak and worthless popes, whose actions greatly promoted the downfall of their own authority." Leo the Tenth fares better:—

This Pope played a prominent part in the affairs of Italy, and distinguished himself as an astute and energetic, but at the same time unscrupulous politician. One of his biographers writes thus: "Leo would have made a perfect Pope, if to the patronage he bestowed on learning and the fine arts, and to his own accomplishments in polite literature, he had united some knowledge in matters of religion, and a greater inclination to piety; to neither of which he appeared to pay any great attention." But even bearing in mind this important failing on his part, we must still affirm that, for a long course of years, no Pope had sat on the pontifical throne who could in any degree be compared to him.

The "important failing" in the Vicar of Christ reminds us of the words of Tate and Brady:—

Sure wicked fools must needs suppose
That God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows,
Since virtue all disclaim.

Lastly, as we cannot mention everything, Dr. Steinmetz passes over the story of Duncan and Macbeth, as "being too well known, from Shakspeare's vivid but too highly coloured description, to need further comment." Directly after we come to Dr. Steinmetz's greatest achievement, the greatest historical discovery of the age:—

Malcolm III. . . married Margaret, the daughter of Edward the Confessor.

With this astounding piece of *scandalum sanctorum* we lay down our blushing pen.

ICELANDIC GRAMMAR.*

SELDOM has the human mind revelled in more misty and bewildering vagaries about any inhabited spot of the globe's surface than those in which it has indulged with respect to Iceland, especially as regards its language and literature. It is not much more than a hundred years ago that a scientific society of Copenhagen—the highest of all such bodies then existing in the Danish dominions—put upon record, in a pompous paper of scientific inquiries to be solved by the Master of Holar College, this query of truly Gothic brilliance:—"How does the ice of Iceland become dry enough to be used for fuel?" And there is plenty more of such matter to be found in foreign writings, from the luebrations of Anderson of Hamburg down to those of the *Oxonian in Iceland*, who, after professing an unimpeachable knowledge of the language, calmly proceeds to tell us, not that the sun shines upon the unpretending island, but that it "skins" it, or covers it in skin—"skinnar uppá."

We are saying no more than the sober truth when we assert that, with regard to Iceland, we have not been over eager to adopt the *stultitia curuisse* principle; and this for sufficiently obvious reasons. As a producing country it has had but few attractions to offer compared with those possessing a richer soil and a more genial clime, especially since the time when its lucrative fish trade, which in the middle ages produced wealthy cities along the whole Eastern coast of England, died away or passed into other channels. Commercial interest, therefore, gave no impulse to the study of Icelandic in this country; and where this *primus motor* of all modern enterprise is absent, a nation poor in marketable produce, although endowed with rich stores of literature, seems to share the great world's neglect with utterly illiterate savages. Such neglect is in our own case the less excusable, inasmuch as we know that the Icelandic language is, to a very great extent, the root of our own, and that, of all the Gothic languages, it has incomparably the most fully developed grammar, while, of all modern European languages, it has the oldest literature—one by the light of which, not only we, but the whole of Northern Europe, will some day have to read our ancient history and institutions. What could we know about our mythic ages if we had not the Eddas? How far would our knowledge of the earliest history of these realms extend if we had not the Sagas of Iceland? How many obscurities surrounding our ancient legal institutions may not be cleared up by the study of the early laws of Iceland? In speaking thus, we are not yielding to the dictates of a fond imagination or a wild enthusiasm. On this point we may fairly invoke the testimony of Dr. Dasent. In the preface to his translation of Rask's Grammar, he says:—"We shall find it [the Icelandic literature] of immense advantage, not only in tracing the rise of words and idioms, but still more in clearing up many dark points in our early history. In fact, so highly do I value it in this respect, that I cannot imagine it possible to write a satisfactory history of the Anglo-Saxon period without a thorough knowledge of the Old Norse literature."

As regards the intrinsic value of the language and its literature, apart from the service it renders to our philologists, our historians, and our antiquaries, let it suffice to adduce the testimony of Rask, the father of Icelandic, nay, of modern European philology:—"I study the language," he writes to a friend, "in order to learn from its writings how, in days of yore, men bore adversities, and broke through them. I study it in order to learn to think like a man, in order to invigorate my thought and strengthen my soul, that I may face dangers without blinking, and choose rather to quit life than to deviate from or abjure what I am fully and firmly convinced is right and true."

A main cause of the slow advance of the study of Icelandic in this country has been the want of all auxiliaries, especially of dictionaries. Björn Halldórsson's work was long the only one available, and it would be so still were it not for Egilsson's *Lexicon Poeticum*, which deals to a small extent only with the prose language; while the dictionaries of Eirik Jónsson and J. Fritzner are of next to no use for Englishmen, being written in Danish. Even Möbius's *Altnordeisches Glossar*, a very accurate work as far as it goes, is too circumscribed in its scope to prove generally useful. Dietrich scarcely deserves mention by the side of these works. With such scanty auxiliaries, it is no wonder that we are advancing slowly, especially as the only creditable English work on the grammar of the language, Dasent's translation of Rask's *Anvisning till Islandskan* has been out of print for years, and is hardly to be procured; while Mr. Lund's Grammar, which is easily to be procured, is utterly worthless. Dr. Dasent's work, of which but few copies, we imagine, were ever printed, is not a very satisfactory one. It is, as it boasts, a faithful rendering of the original, but it is faithful to a fault. For to render an Icelandic grammar, written in Swedish and for Swedes, into exactly literal English, without even so much as attempting to adapt it to English wants, seems the reverse of judicious. What, for instance, can be more out of place, in a grammar professing to teach us Icelandic for the purpose of assisting us to understand our own language, than to explain to us how the vowels are pronounced in Swedish, and not even so much as to hint how far they can or cannot be represented by English sounds, or pronounced by English

* *A Grammar of the Icelandic or Old Norse Tongue.* Translated from the Swedish of Erasmus Rask by George Webbe Dasent. London: William Pickering. Frankfort-on-Main: Jügler's Library. 1843.

A Short, Practical, and Easy Method of Learning the Old Norsk Tongue. After the Danish of E. Rask. By H. Lund. London: E. Thumm. 1863.

May 22, 1869.]

The Saturday Review.

687

tongues? Or, again, what can be more eccentric than to devote an elaborate chapter to the "transition of words from Old Norse into Swedish," while persistently abstaining from mentioning how far the same phenomenon does or does not make itself manifest with regard to English? Such then is the state of Icelandic philology in our country at the present time. We have two Icelandic grammars to study it by—one scarcely to be had, the other scarcely worth having. And yet the interest felt in the language is increasing steadily; hardly a year going by without seeing some work translated from it into English. Is it then too much to expect that a grammar worthy of the name should soon be forthcoming to facilitate the progress of our studies? No one is likely to say that such transitions from the Icelandic into our language as Dr. Dasent has spoken of with respect to Swedish are unworthy of investigation. So much, indeed, might be said on the subject, that no chapter in the history of English grammar would be richer in its contents, or more varied in its nature, or more profoundly interesting, than a satisfactory analysis of the various phenomena which such transitions present. And we take this opportunity of saying, that by the aid of the Icelandic vowels and vowel-combinations we can lay down general principles to account for the great variety of sound or pronunciation in our own language—a variety which we are accustomed to hear branded as chaotic irregularity, but which in our opinion constitutes a great beauty of the English language. If we were not afraid of wearying our readers, we would illustrate our statement by means of examples. We must, however, content ourselves with this hint at present, in the hope that ere long we shall see the task done, and done well; and to whomsoever the lot may fall of performing it, to him English philology will be indebted for a right good service.

Unsatisfactory as is Dr. Dasent's Grammar, it is at all events not so bad as Mr. H. Lund's work entitled "A Short, Practical, and Easy Method for Learning the Old Norsk (*sic!*) Tongue or Icelandic Language, after the Danish of Rask." The very badness of this unhappy production would have saved it from being noticed at all, if it had not decorated its unblushing front with the honoured name of Rask. Mr. Lund evidently knows nothing at all about what the language is like, nor does he seem to have any defined notion as to what any other language in the world is like. For when a man undertakes to write or translate a grammar, and proves himself so utterly ignorant of its forms as to transform the genitive case into the accusative, and the accusative into the genitive, varying this Vandalism by interchanging the dative and the genitive, and wildly carrying out these transpositions where verbs and prepositions are concerned, and all the time showing that he has no consciousness of his absurdity, he proves himself ignorant, not only of the particular language he maltreats, but of the general principles which rule all languages. On the whole, Mr. Lund's Grammar may be dismissed with the simple statement that it is far worse than useless.

Before concluding, we may as well advert to the prevalent confusion as to what name to apply to the language and the literature of Iceland. Up to the days of Snorri Sturluson, or up to A.D. 1200, the term "dönsk tunga," as an equivalent for "vor tunga" (our tongue), "islenzkt mál" (Icelandic speech), had in Iceland the prevalence which, after this time, the term "norreña" (Northern language) obtained, and which it maintained there, as well as in Scandinavia, or at least in Norway, all through the middle ages. In the course of this time the Scandinavians had so completely dropped the old idiom out of their living speech that they could not understand it except after laborious study; it was dead for them. The latter part of the seventeenth century witnessed an awakening interest for the old language; and, as it had once been the common patrimony of the whole North, Scandinavian students began, with various degrees of ingenuity, to invent for it such names as might convey the idea that they all had their share in it. Hence arose the term "Old-Northern," which was first adopted by the Icelander Runolf Jónsson in his "rudiments" of Icelandic grammar, A.D. 1651, and which has now obtained general acceptance throughout Denmark and Sweden. In Norway the matter stands differently. With the persistence of narrow-minded patriotism, Norwegians will listen only to the term "gammel Norsk" (Old Norse), as a general name for the Icelandic or Old-Northern tongue; but there is neither precedent nor authority for the term, which is entirely inadmissible except as a name for the language of Norway after the time when it branched off from the genuine Old-Northern tongue into a Norwegian patois; for Norse, Norsk, and Norwegian all mean one and the same thing. It is not a little astonishing that Dr. Dasent, of all men in this country, should have lent his aid to rob the land for which he has done so much of its fair and undeniable title to the literature it has produced. We are at a loss to know what possible reason he could have had for making the mistake. He surely knows well enough that Old Norse means Old Norwegian; and he also knows that not a letter of Iceland's literature belongs to that mediæval and depraved dialect. Why, then, adopt so misleading a title?

With the fullest right we apply the name Icelandic to this literature. Our point of view is neither a Dane's nor a Norwegian's; we have nothing to do with their jealousies or pilferings. We have got our Old English in contradistinction to anything but Icelandic. We know that the literature of this so-called Old-Northern language belongs to Iceland almost exclusively; for, both as regards quality and quantity, the old literature of Scandi-

navia bears to that of Iceland an infinitesimally small proportion. And to whom is the literature of which we are speaking due in its rise, progress, and perfection? Certainly not to Scandinavians. The language in which it is written, as yet an illiterate one, migrated to Iceland in the middle of the ninth century. It remained illiterate in Iceland for upwards of two hundred years, ere it burst into bloom in the writings of Ari the Learned, whereupon its literature rapidly grew to an amazingly vast bulk. And all that Scandinavians know about their ancient times they know from this literature of Iceland—a literature which they now study with unrivalled eagerness, and which, it is to be hoped, will soon be made the subject among us of more judicious and more exhaustive investigations than have hitherto been devoted to it.

OLDTOWN FOLKS.*

IT is seventeen years since Mrs. Stowe first astonished the world by the amazing popularity of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It would be difficult to say in what degree the success of that book was due to the talents of the author, and in what degree to its fortunate adaptation to the passions of the time. Few people would doubt, we should imagine, that the last of these elements of success was a very important one, though it is difficult to account for *Uncle Tom's* popularity in countries lying far beyond the sphere of American politics without supposing that its intrinsic merits were also considerable. Mrs. Stowe at any rate might be pardoned for giving some faith to the more flattering hypothesis, and for attempting to follow up her first victory. We cannot, however, say that her more recent performances have done much to justify her venture. It is abundantly plain that she is a woman of talent, but it is not so obvious that she is particularly well qualified for writing stories of enduring merit. This last publication is a curious illustration of her strength and her defects. It appears in outward shape like an orthodox three-volume novel. It contains a story, or rather two or three stories, which ramble quietly through its pages, and are brought to a conclusion at the end. But our interest in the plot is at all times faint, and Mrs. Stowe is always allowing it to stagnate whilst she rambles off into more or less irrelevant discussions. No one, we may say at once, should take it up in any hope of being carried along in breathless interest after the fortunes of the imaginary actors; such readers will be speedily annoyed, and probably drop the book in disgust before discovering the fate of Tina Percival or Horace Holyoke. Mrs. Stowe, indeed, is apparently sensible of this weakness. She has, she says, an object beyond the mere telling of a story, and that object is "to interpret to the world the New England life and character in that particular time of its history which may be called the seminal period." New England, as she rather quaintly observes, has always been "a capital country to emigrate from," and the character of the American people in all the States has been largely coloured by the stream which has steadily flowed from the old Puritan settlements. In the first page of the story she further expresses her opinion—not a very original one—that "the life of any individual, however obscure, if really and vividly perceived in all its aspirations, struggles, failures, and successes, would command the interest of all others." This is very true, and for the reason, amongst others, that it would have the charm of reality. When a fictitious person tells us of all his aspirations, struggles, and so on, our interest drops simply because we know him to be fictitious. At any rate, the interest which we derive from a personal history is very distinct from that which is excited by a dissertation upon national character. A great artist is able to fuse the two into one. We learn more from Scott's portraits of Dandie Dinmont or Jeanie Deans than from pages of dissertation upon the characteristics of the border country; but we cannot honestly say that Mrs. Stowe possesses this rare power, or is able to personify in a living and moving human figure the essence of Yankee life. The two elements obstinately refuse to coalesce; and we have alternately a rather commonplace story and a description of the various social and theological types of New England. We could wish that Mrs. Stowe had not hampered herself with the conventional machinery of story-telling, but had avowedly given us anecdotes and reminiscences of the remarkable people whom she undertakes to describe.

We object, then, to the novel, that it is not a novel in any proper sense, and ought not to put on a misleading external appearance; but the book contains a great many very interesting observations, which would be all the more attractive if they were applied to real instead of imaginary characters and incidents. Many of the descriptions are obviously founded on realities very thinly disguised, and we should prefer to have the realities without the perplexing intermixture of fiction. The New England population had at least the merits of originality and vigour. It has contributed more than any other element of the American population to form the distinctive national type; and, frigid and unprepossessing as it was in some respects, it has now the charm which always gathers round objects at a certain distance; it was old-fashioned and individual enough to be picturesque after a rather grim fashion. The quiet life of villages still surrounded by primeval forests, and divided by miles of execrable roads from any large towns, was favourable to the development of peculiarities which have died out before railways and emigration. At the period

* *Oldtown Folks*. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

of which Mrs. Stowe speaks, which is that immediately succeeding the Revolution, there still lingered customs which have disappeared as decisively as Miss Austen's phase of English society. The minister's wife was called Lady, instead of Mrs., Lothrop. The minister himself wore a cocked hat, a powdered wig, and lace ruffles, and preached the most admirable morality in Addisonian English. Indians still lurked in the woods, though no longer requiring the stern treatment of the early Puritans, and resembling the gypsies of English country life. The old Boston families held up their heads with aristocratic pride, and some ardent Tories were not afraid to declare that King George still reigned supreme within their houses. There were a few old manor-houses reflecting feebly the stateliness of their English prototypes. The social condition of the country villages, however, admitted the most perfect equality consistent with a respect for the minister, who was not yet reduced to be a mere stipendiary at will; every one was educated and tolerably comfortable, and no one was rich. People of every position met on friendly terms round the vast kitchen fires, heaped up with mighty piles of wood from the unexhausted forests, and discussed theology or family gossip without distinction of persons. The most characteristic peculiarity was the intense interest in theology which they inherited from their fathers; everybody, from the minister to the help, held the most definite creed as to election, freewill, and predestination, and was ready to define his position and defend it in the correct logical forms. Polly, for example, who is Miss Mehitable Rossiter's "help," was a decided Hopkinsian, which, it may be necessary to explain, is an American variety of Calvinist. Somebody, says Miss Mehitable, "gave Polly an Arminian tract last Sunday, entitled, 'The Apostle Paul an Arminian.' It would have done you good to hear Polly's comments. 'Postle Paul an Arminian! He's the biggest lectioner of 'em all.' 'That he is,' said my grandmother, warmly. 'Polly's read her Bible to some purpose.'" A farmer brings a load of wood as part of the yearly contribution to the support of his minister, and takes the opportunity of giving him a hint as to his sermons. "Ain't free agency," he says, "gettin' a little too topheavy in your preachin'? Ain't it kind o' overgrowin' sovereignty? Now, ye see, divine sovereignty hes got to be took care of as well as free agency. . . . This 're last revival you run along considerble on 'Whosoever will may come,' an' all that. Now, p'rhaps, if you'd jest tighten up the ropes a leetle t'other side, and give 'em sovereignty, the hull load would sled easier." Parishioners of this discriminating turn of mind naturally liked strong as well as sound doctrine. "Ef I pay for strong doctrine, why I want to *hev* good strong doctrine," says one of them. "Ef I pays for hell-fire, I want to *hev* hell-fire, and *hev* it hot too. I don't want none of your propheseyin' smooth things. Why, look at Dr. Stern. His folks hes the very hair took off their heads 'most every Sunday, and he don't get no more'n we pay Parson Perry." A short fragment from a sermon of Dr. Stern's will show how well he earned his salary. He is arguing the question whether the heavenly hosts will rejoice in displays of vindictive justice in the punishment of the damned. His conclusion is that "all who are conscious that they cannot say 'Amen, Alleluia' may know that they are yet sinners, and essentially different from saints, and altogether unprepared to go with the saints to heaven and join with them in praising God for the vindictive justice he displays in dooming all unholy creatures to a never-ending torment." The most popular summary of theology of this kind is summed up in a book by a certain Dr. Bellamy, of Connecticut. Amongst other inscrutable mysteries, it discusses the origin of evil, and comes to some very distinct results. The Almighty, it is said, might certainly have made a world free from sin and misery; why, then, did He not? "What will He get by it all?" The answer is, that the fall of angels and of man "will serve to give a much more lively and perfect representation of God than could have been given had there been no sin and misery."

Calvinists at this time were opposed, not only by Arminians, but by the Freethinkers, encouraged by the new French philosophy. Franklin, and many of the most conspicuous men at the time of the Revolution, set a much higher value upon Voltaire than upon President Edwards. Even in the remote parts of New England the modern modes of thought were beginning to influence the old type of theology. Mrs. Stowe, however, thinks that whilst it lasted it acted as a healthy tonic, and produced an active and vigorous-minded race, very superior to those who, like the Canadians, were kept on the less stimulating diet of a religion which excluded, instead of encouraging, inquiry. A man who believes in the harshest doctrines of Calvinism is face to face with tremendous questions which stir the very depths of his soul. He may be an unpleasant neighbour, but at least he will not be a trifler nor contemptible. It would be curious to compare from this point of view the effects of a similar creed in Scotland and New England. One result, which seems to be specially characteristic of America, was the effect of this stern theology upon a nervous and excitable race. Some of the characters in Mrs. Stowe's novel are oppressed by a constant melancholy, or driven to the verge of madness by the awful prospects which followed from their view of the future of mankind. The more comfortable and even-tempered managed to persuade themselves that as half the human race die in infancy, a large proportion would escape from the gloom which weighed upon their imaginations. Others revolted altogether, and became infidels, after the pattern of Mr. Ellery Davenport, the villain of the story, who seems to be drawn after the well-known Aaron Burr. Many escaped by the help of a kind

of spiritualism; the imaginary hero is constantly seeing visions, of which he confesses that he is unable to decide whether they were anything more than waking dreams. He inclines, however, to the belief that they were real spirits who appeared and gave him comfort in various critical circumstances. When we find a school set to write essays on the problem whether it is possible to demonstrate the divine benevolence from considerations of natural theology, we may suppose that youthful minds would be violently excited, and often driven to very desperate remedies.

We have no space to dwell upon the accounts of the external life of the New England villagers, of the Thanksgiving Days, in which countless multitudes of pumpkin-pies and turkeys were consumed by jolly Puritans, of the egg-flip, which was not despised even by Calvinist ministers, and the dances, which were justified by the precedent of Mr. Ready-to-Halt and Miss Despondency in *Pilgrim's Progress*. There are many pleasant sketches of these and other manners and customs of the natives, and, in spite of the defects in artistic merit of the book, it is worth a glance from any one who wishes to understand a remarkable and almost extinct form of society, whose results are still important in the development of American character.

BROTHERS OF PURITY.*

THE primary aim of Professor Dowson in presenting us with a new translation of the quaint little book called *Brothers of Purity* is to supply a want in the ordinary educational course under his control. The *Ikhwánu-s Safá* is a standard Hindustani work, which is used as a text-book by students both in India and in England. Its contents, however, are so characteristic of the proverbial wit and wisdom of the East, and reflect incidentally so much light upon the traditions, the modes of belief, and the manners of the Hindu race, as to awaken a degree of interest altogether beyond that which might attach to a mere manual of an Oriental dialect. The Hindustani text from which the present English version was immediately drawn is not the original dress in which this curious compilation appeared, nor is Hindostan the land of its birth. From the preface of Ikrám 'Ali, the Hindu translator, we learn that the authors of the *Ikhwánu-s Safá* were Abú Salmán, Abú-l Hasan, Abú Ahmad, and others—ten men who dwelt in communion at Basra, and spent all their days in the investigation of scientific and religious matters. They wrote fifty-one works, chiefly upon the occult sciences. Amongst these was the present work, a moral treatise setting forth the fundamental truths or dogmas of ethics by way of dialogue or contention between men and beasts. The conclusion of the whole is to show from this contention the superiority and perfection of man. After much discussion of a varied and highly ingenious kind, the men get the best of the argument, which tends to show that "those points in which men prevail over the animals are those of the scientific or theological dogmas treated of by the writers in their fifty-one works." Thus their practical aim was that "heedless people by seeing this might have a desire to attain to those perfections." The original labours of these Arab sages have been noticed at some length by Professor Flügel and Dieterici in the *Zeitschrift des Deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. They form a kind of encyclopaedia of the half-scientific, half-mystic lore of the East. It was upon the recommendation of Colonel John William Taylor, one of the most distinguished scholars of his time, Professor of Hindu at the Government College, Calcutta, that the translation of the *Ikhwánu-s Safá* into the Urdu language was entrusted, in the year 1810, to Ikrám 'Ali, then recently appointed to a subordinate post under Mr. Abraham Lockett of the Company's Civil Service. It was intended as a help to students of dialect, and underwent sundry modifications with a view to its adaptation for that purpose. No abstruse words, the translator tells us, were to appear. Where the scientific phrases and speeches of the original text were peculiarly difficult, the pen was to be run through such passages, and only the pith of the matter was to be reproduced. The translation has been generally pronounced very pure and elegant, though a large proportion of Arabic words has been retained. The nature of the subject, as Professor Dowson pleads in extenuation, rendered the introduction of many Arabic terms of science a matter of necessity. Still foreign words, a common fault in translations of this kind, are often employed where pure vernacular words would equally have served the turn. The original Arabic work has been translated into German by Professor Dieterici of Berlin. When the project of an English version occurred to Professor Dowson, he was not aware that any such previous translation existed. There were, however, he subsequently found, three different versions in existence. One attributed to Mr. James Atkinson, the translator of parts of the *Sháh-náma*, was published in an Indian newspaper, and reprinted in the *Asiatic Journal* for 1829 (Vol. xxvii.). This version is described as spirited and accurate, but imperfect, and to all practical purpose buried. Another, published at Calcutta by Mr. T. P. Manuel in 1860, gives a fair idea of the work, but is hardly close enough to fulfil the purpose of the work now before us. A third version, by a Mahomedan gentleman, is spoken of, but has not been seen by the present translator. Professor Dowson has followed the excellent edition of the Hindustani text published by Drs. Forbes and

* *Ikhwánu-s Safá*; or, *Brothers of Purity*. Translated from the Hindustani by Professor John Dowson, M.R.A.S., Staff College, Sandhurst, London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

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Rieu, as well as their arrangement of chapters and paragraphs. It has been his object to adhere as closely as possible to the original text, while rendering the English smooth and intelligible to the reader, and in this design he has been throughout successful.

In speaking of "science," it must be understood that the sages of the East put forth an unfounded claim. There never was any such thing as Arabian science in the proper sense. Such scientific knowledge of nature as the Arabs possessed was but a poor travesty of Greek science, dressed up in the half-poetic, half-mystic disguise which seems congenial to the Oriental mind. The sages of Arabia and Persia only had their day till the discovery of the Greek originals superseded their borrowed paraphrases. Of the true masters of physical science none certainly can be named of genuine Semitic blood, though, as with the Aryans, there may have been among that race the gift of mathematical or purely abstract speculation. Through the middle ages, and until the revival of Greek literature, we had, as Renan has remarked, Spaniards or Persians writing in Arabic, and nothing more. They were like the Jewish writers of the same period—interpreters and paraphrasts merely. One page of Roger Bacon contained more true philosophy than all this second-hand rubbish. It was in moral science that the Semitic genius really showed itself. The Mosaic code, and even the Koran, though cast in a different mould from the broad and philosophical results of Greek speculation, embodied pure and lofty principles of ethical and political right. Later Semitic writings, affecting more of the scientific or theoretical temper of foreign schools of thought, could but wear stiffly and uncomfortably the garb and the shackles of a genius alien to itself. In the little work now before us it is curious to see the original impulses of native thought struggling with the influences of European culture, as well as with those of rival Oriental blood and speech. There is a cumbrous graft from Greek (possibly also from Latin) cosmical and natural science upon the stock of genuine Semitic mythology. Notions of animal life, its origin and destiny, which might have come from Aristotle or even from Lucretius, pictures of the primitive life of men, of their savagery and early struggle with the brutes, drawn probably from the Greek materialists, which seem to anticipate the dawn of the hardest school of modern anthropology, blend after a heterogeneous fashion with the cosmology of Genesis and the orthodox history of the Fall. In its structure the work seems referable far more to an Iranian or Indo-Persian than to a strictly Semitic range of ideas. The parts assigned to the animals, and the easy way in which the barriers of speech and reasoning are broken down in their intercourse and rivalry with men, are like what we are accustomed to meet in the fables of the somewhat shadowy Lúkmán, or the still more mythical Piláp, or in the imperfectly naturalized counterparts of Aesop or Babrius. The mixture of alien creeds and schemes of philosophy brings in a frightful jumble of dates and orders of historical succession.

The first men, we are told, were few in number, naked and defenceless. They used to run away and hide themselves in caves, through fear of the wild beasts. Afterwards taking heart, they armed and fortified themselves, and succeeded in making some of the animals their slaves, and carried on a fierce and unrelenting war against the rest. This went on till God Almighty sent Muhammad, the last of the prophets, under whom sinners were brought to righteousness, and even many Jins obtained the blessing of pardon and the faith of Islam. An age after this, Biwarásb, the "Brave king" and sage, became monarch of the Jins. "He was so just that in his reign the tiger and the goat used to drink water at one gháṭ. What possibility could there then be of any *thag*, thief, swindler, or rogue getting to dwell in his dominions?" The island called Balásaghún, situated near the Equator, was the royal residence of this just king. To his Hall of Justice, accordingly, the chief of all the animals betook themselves to tell in detail before King Biwarásb the tale of their sufferings at the hands of men. Immediately the King issued a command, saying, "Good! let messengers be sent quickly, and let them bring the men into my presence." Thereupon seventy men of different cities and races, wise and eloquent exceedingly, appeared before the King. One among them of the race of Hazrat 'Abbás was first heard in reply to the animals' complaint. Beginning with the creation of Adam "from a single drop of water, and his being made ruler over all the land and sea, with all things therein," the orator quotes texts from the Koran:—"All animals have been created for you; take your advantage from them, eat them, and make warm clothing from their skins and hair." "On the dry land and on the sea ride upon camels and in ships." "Horses, mules, and asses were created that you might ride upon them," and again, "Ride upon their backs, and remember the bounties of God." It is also to be understood "from the Bible and Testament" that animals were made for our sakes. "In every way we are their masters, they are our slaves." To this the mule, on behalf of the animals, pleads that God Almighty made all things in the earth and in the sky subject one to another, so that they might all together derive benefit and keep off evil from each other; and that it is only fraud or calumny to contend that either is master or slave to the other. The wise King hereupon empanels a kind of jury or court of the judges and lawyers, with "all the grandees and nobles of the Jins," before whom one of the men sets forth the perfection (literally "purity") with which God Almighty has formed the persons of men and made every member thereof in exact conformity to what was needed. Man's graceful form,

his stature, his sense and wisdom, by means of which he can distinguish between good and evil, and by which even he can learn and declare the facts of the skies—all prove him to be the master of those who have none of these excellent gifts. The animals in turn gnash their teeth, weep, and implore the King to deliver them from the tyranny of their oppressors. Even the doctors and sages of the Jins add their testimony against the violence and injustice of the men. The Jins have had to flee from the face of men into woods and wilds, and have hidden themselves in hills, mountains, and rivers. Through the evil conduct of men, the Jins have entirely given up visiting inhabited places. So malignant and suspicious are mankind, that if any child, woman, or man is stupid, foolish, or sick, they say directly that the evil eye or the shadow of a Jin has fallen on him. But who has ever seen a Jin kill a man or wound him, rob him of his clothes or commit a theft, break into any one's house, pick pockets, tear sleeves, break open the lock of any man's shop, slay a traveller, rebel against a king, plunder any one, or make any one captive? On the second day there are assembled "judges of the race of Jupiter, lawyers of the race of Venus, wise men of the children of Birán, sages of the race of Lukmán, experienced persons of the children of Hámán, intelligent persons of the children of Kaiwán, and persons of common sense of the children of Bahram." The sage of Venus is for taking a legal opinion upon the case, and if it goes against the animals, would have them bought from the men and set free. "But who is to pay the price?" asks the *Sáhib-i-'azimat*, the practical man. "The King," replies the lawyer. But it is felt that there is not wealth enough in the King's treasury, and, moreover, some of the men may refuse to sell. The *Sáhib-i-'azimat*'s own advice then is, that the King should bid all the animals run away together in the night, to which His Majesty himself inclines. But a wise man of the descendants of Lukmán thinks this very much opposed to sense. How is it possible when so many of the animals are locked up all night? Then, rejoins the Sahib, "let the Jins go this night and open the doors of the prison-houses, and untie the heel ropes of the animals, and bind the guards till all have got safely away." This highly practical remedy pleases everybody till a certain Kaiwání sage declares that it is all bosh. It is not possible, and if it were it would only bring the enmity of man twofold upon the Jins. This leads the sage into a queer dissertation upon the origin of the Jins, and the causes of men's hatred towards them. In the end it is decided to send six messengers to summon representatives respectively from the wild beasts, the birds, the birds of prey, the insects, such as the earthworm, the scarlet fly, &c., the reptiles, such as maggots, ants, snakes, scorpions, and finally aquatic animals, among whom who should turn up but our old friend the "sea-serpent" (*Tinnin*), in form and bulk as palpable as if drawn by Olaus Magnus himself? Each sets forward his peculiar gifts and perfections. The lion, the leopard, the horse, the crocodile, the rat, the bulbul, the owl, the bee, and the parrot are heard in turns, upon the points of strength or beauty or instinct in which they respectively surpass mankind. But the tables are artfully turned upon them by the Greek doctors, learned *sáfiis*, and holy theologians. What clinches the argument on the human side is the higher destiny of man, at least of the true believer. All tribes of the beasts will surely perish at death. "But we shall all dwell in paradise in the society of the nymphs and youths." Nothing more need be said on the side of the "Brothers of Purity." The King sees nothing for the animals but patience and submission to their lot. "Let all animals be submissive and obedient to man, and let none depart from their allegiance." With the animals being satisfied and returning in peace to their homes, there is an end to this singular little work. There is much in its quaint and characteristic humour to reward the attention even of those who take it up with no kind of desire to make a closer acquaintance with the Arabic or the Hindustani original.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.*

IN this volume Mr. Scott Russell re-opens the question of a general national system of technical education for Great Britain and Ireland, which was carefully considered last year by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. It may be remembered that in March, 1868, a Committee of nineteen members was appointed to inquire into the provisions existing in this country for giving scientific technical education to persons requiring it. All the great agricultural, shipping, and manufacturing interests of England, and some of those of Scotland and Ireland, were represented on this Committee. Among its nineteen members there were at least three of the most advanced educational reformers in the House, and at least two of the special champions of the interests and aspirations of the working-classes; and there was a clear majority of Liberal votes. The Report of this Committee was presented to the House in July, 1868, and was noticed at the time in our columns. It stated, as the result of the examination of many competent witnesses and of much careful deliberation, that the present pressure of foreign competition is not mainly due to the superior opportunities of acquiring technical knowledge afforded to their populations by foreign Governments, but to much wider and more potent economical agencies, such as the lower rate of

* *Systematic Technical Education for the English People.* By J. Scott Russell, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1869.

wages abroad and the absence of trade disputes; that though there is in Great Britain, and particularly in the agricultural districts, a deficiency of the means of scientific technical instruction, and though it is requisite that the means of such instruction be multiplied in the different centres of industry, and that the public expenditure upon such instruction be somewhat increased in aid of local efforts, it is not desirable to imitate the centralized organizations of technical education which are to be found in some foreign States; and that it is useless to undertake measures for the spread of scientific technical instruction so long as the condition of our general elementary and secondary education remains as bad as it now is; since, for want of effective primary education, our workmen and foremen are not in a condition to profit by any opportunities of scientific instruction which might be offered to them, and for want of effective secondary education our small manufacturers, proprietors, and managers of works are similarly incapable of making good use of the means of scientific instruction which exist or might be originated for their benefit. Consequently, before all other educational reforms, it is necessary for us to elaborate a national system of good general primary and secondary education.

These conclusions—which were stated with brevity, but with systematic and masterly care, in the Report of the Select Committee—are attacked by Mr. Scott Russell in a volume of twenty-five chapters, extending over four hundred and thirty pages. This volume, though it contains much interesting matter and many valuable tabular statements, is on the whole so badly arranged, and shows such a want of continuity of plan, that it will be best, in considering its contents, to follow the order suggested by the Report of the Committee. It is absolutely impossible, without adopting some more precise and continuous train of thought than any which can be found in his book, to criticize Mr. Scott's Russell's chaotic disquisition.

The following statement, which the Minutes of the Committee show to have been written almost *verbatim* by its Chairman, Mr. Samuelson, to whom Mr. Scott Russell appeals as one of the highest authorities in Great Britain on the question of technical instruction, gives the conclusions of the Committee on the relation of technical education to industrial progress:—

The industrial system of the present age is based on the substitution of mechanical for animal power; its development is due in this country to its stores of coal and of metallic ores, to our geographical position and temperate climate, and to the unrivalled energy of our population. The acquisition of scientific knowledge has been shown by the witnesses to be only one of the elements of an industrial education and of industrial progress. Indeed, there is a preponderance of evidence to show that so far as the workmen, as distinguished from the managers, are concerned, it can be considered an essential element only in certain trades, or generally as enlarging the area from which the foremen and managers may be drawn. In all cases another and an indispensable element of industrial success is the acquisition of practical experience and manipulative skill. The evidence given before your Committee places beyond all doubt the fact, that these latter requirements are possessed in a pre-eminent degree by our manufacturing population of every grade, according to their several necessities. They are obtained in our factories, our forges, our workshops, our shipyards, and our mines, which, in their organization and appliances, are the models which, with a few special exceptions, other nations have hitherto imitated and followed, but not surpassed. Although the pressure of foreign competition, where it exists, is considered by some witnesses to be partly owing to the superior scientific attainments of foreign manufacturers, yet the general result of the evidence proves that it is to be attributed mainly to their artistic taste, to fashion, to lower wages, to the absence of trade disputes abroad, and to the greater readiness with which handicraftsmen abroad in some trades adapt themselves to new requirements.

These conclusions are challenged and contradicted by Mr. Scott Russell. He asserts that "the pressing peril of this nation in regard to manufacturing pre-eminence is due to the culpability of the educated classes and of the executive Government in not having organized, as the Governments of other countries have done, complete education in all trade crafts." The arguments on which he bases this assertion are to be found scattered about in his third, fourth, seventeenth, nineteenth, and twenty-third chapters, and they appear, so far as we have been able to collect them, to amount to this. First, *a priori*, it is axiomatic that, subject to the indispensable preliminaries of general elementary and secondary education, "the value of a nation's work will vary with the excellence of the national system of technical education." No one will dispute the truth of this axiom, but most Englishmen who are not technical fanatics will dispute Mr. Scott Russell's application of it. They will agree with him, that work varies with the technical skill of the workman; but they will deny that, except in a few artistic branches, the present pressure of foreign competition is due to the superior skill of foreign workmen, and they will also deny that the only, or for this country the best, national method of producing technical skill in workmen is by organizing Government instruction in all trade crafts. A complete answer to Mr. Scott Russell's application of his axiom is to be found in the words quoted above from the Report of the Select Committee, and the answer could not be better put than Mr. Samuelson has there put it. But, secondly, Mr. Scott Russell argues *a posteriori*, that his own experience of foreigners, the results of Government inquiries, the evidence of what has been done by such States as Würtemberg and Zurich, and the International Exhibitions of 1857, 1862, and 1867, prove that the peril of this nation in regard to manufacturing pre-eminence is due to the lack of Government instruction in trade crafts. Here, again, it is not so much Mr. Scott Russell's premises that are questionable, as the conclusions which he thinks fit to draw from them. Granted that the workmen in some foreign countries are more polite, more intelligent, more civilized than English workmen, does it follow

that this is due to systematic technical instruction? Was the efficiency of the foreign waiter and street-porter, whose thoughtful attentions Mr. Scott Russell regards with so much gusto, caused by their having gone through a course of technical lectures on the practical arts of waiting and street-portership? Mr. Scott Russell presents us with some interesting and amusing scenes and anecdotes; but they do not always illustrate, and they seldom prove, as he seems to think they do, the conclusions at which he aims. Tabular descriptions of the technical institutions of Germany and Switzerland, and authentic statements of the rapid advances in manufacturing skill which foreign nations have recently made, are useful to us; and, if we are wise, we shall learn much from them. But they no more prove that we shall retain our old monopoly of trade and our old manufacturing pre-eminence if we imitate foreign organization of technical instruction, than Mr. Scott Russell's description of the orderly rustic demonstration at which he once assisted proves that, if we cover the country with technical colleges, we shall never hereafter have any but rose-water revolutions.

Even if Mr. Scott Russell's arguments were unanswerable, and we were convinced by them that the future prosperity of England depends on specially educating every man for the trade which he is to follow, we might demur to the details of the scheme of systematic technical Universities, colleges, and schools which he considers necessary for our industrial and commercial regeneration. In chapter 12 (which, by the way, is little more than a repetition of parts of chapters 1 and 9), in chapters 13 to 16, and also in chapter 8, he develops his conception of an English technical University which shall do for all employments current in England that which he says the existing English Universities do for the professions of the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer—namely, provide at the public expense special instruction in the best way of discharging the functions of the particular business which each man intends to follow. He has displayed considerable ingenuity in trying to enumerate and classify all the different ways whereby Englishmen nowadays get their living; and for every one of these ways he would have special instruction provided in a regular hierarchy of institutions, beginning with a central Technical University, and reaching, through fifteen local Technical Colleges, down to the thousand local Technical Schools which are to come just above the ordinary elementary schools of the country. At the Technical University, he says, "there must be professorships of the best way of dealing with matter under the particular conditions of the destiny in life of each pupil"; and he then proceeds, with all the gravity of a real believer in the virtue of his own nostrum, to enumerate every profession and occupation that he can think of. He apparently intends this list to be exhaustive; otherwise he would not have reckoned among the employments for which technical professional instruction is required, that of "men of leisure who may not propose to become members of professions, but who hope to apply their knowledge to the advancement of human society." A list of occupations in which that of a Human-Society-Advancer is included surely ought not to have left out those of an author, a journalist, and a landowner. On Mr. Scott Russell's own hypothesis, if, before he wrote this book, he had had the advantage of attending, at a central Technical University, the lectures of the Head Professor of Bookmaking, he would have produced a book free from any blemishes of style or construction, as delightful to review as it would have been easy to write. Mr. Scott Russell is not at all appalled at the number of trades and professions which his wide experience has conjured up, with their millions of incumbents all clamouring for special technical instruction. On paper he is as ingenious as he is bold. By a masterly classification he reduces to the modest number of 101 the number of different Faculties which will be required in the Technical University to teach the specialties of every occupation under the sun. This certainly seems very reasonable. Only 101 professors to teach the best practical way of doing everything! We almost fear that in these details Mr. Scott Russell may have somewhat sacrificed efficiency to thrift. In like manner, he only demands twenty-five professors for each of the fifteen Technical Colleges which are to be situated in the fifteen chief industrial centres of England, and are to give technical instruction to youths between fifteen and eighteen years old; and in the same spirit of economy he announces that from twelve to eighteen teachers will suffice in each of the Technical Schools, of which one is to be placed in every town of 20,000 inhabitants, to instruct boys from twelve to fifteen years old. What sort of work lies before these professors may be gathered from Mr. Scott Russell's description of the technical instruction which would be given in one of the local Technical Colleges to a youth intending to be a merchant. It must be remembered that the time of the pupils' attendance at one of these Colleges is only between the ages of fifteen and eighteen:—

The enterprising merchant is a man who occupies himself in any part of the civilized world, either in discovering new wants which the home manufacturer can supply, or new substances to supply home manufacture. His knowledge, therefore, of the wants of the one, and of the nature of the other, ought to be extensive and exact. In this way the education of the merchant might advantageously partake of that of the manufacturer. But it is also necessary that the merchant should possess extensive exclusive knowledge; it is his business to deal with all nations, and therefore an acquaintance with their character, language, laws, customs, climates, productions, weights, measures, and monies is essential. To a great extent also, the British merchant has been and may still continue a shipowner; he ought in this case to be a judge of shipping, and should know the laws, usages, practices of seafaring folk. The laws of political economy, currency, exchange, banking,

and insurance are mixed up with the merchant's everyday business, and the more thoroughly he is acquainted with them the better he will be able to select the wiser course in the conduct of his world-wide affairs.

If science were the forte of a young merchant technically instructed on this plan, there can be little doubt what would be his foible. He would, we fear, be a Margites among merchants. The scope of the instruction to be given at the Technical University and the inferior Technical Schools is of course proportionately magnificent; and for all this superb system Mr. Scott Russell's financial estimate is very modest. If each locality will provide an adequate park, will erect a suitable edifice in the park, and will maintain that edifice, with its playground and gardens, in good order and condition, comfortably furnished, and well warmed and lighted, he estimates that in England (excluding Scotland and Ireland) everybody may be taught everything for the modest sum of one million per annum out of the Imperial taxes.

Mr. Scott Russell is of opinion that all education should be more or less technical; and he is at little pains to conceal his contempt for any education which is not specially intended to prepare a man for his profession. If he speaks with respect of Oxford and Cambridge it is because they "may be considered" technical schools for the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer. How often we miss the real virtues of things until they are pointed out to us by the keen eye of the critic! To many Oxford clergymen it is probably quite a new notion that what Oxford did for them was to prepare them for parish work; and there are perhaps not a few physicians and barristers who fancy that they were technically instructed for their professions in the great hospitals, or by special pleaders, and that Balliol or Trinity gave them only a general culture. But "any port in a storm." We shall be thankful if Oxford and Cambridge are spared by the technical fanatics, though it be under the false pretext of their being "technical for the divine, the doctor, and the lawyer." With such views, however, Mr. Scott Russell is saved the trouble of disputing the proposition of the Select Committee that it is useless to give technical instruction until we have reformed and organized our general system of education. To make education technical, and to teach everything technically, that is the reform of our national education for which he sighs. We say *everything*, for Mr. Scott Russell's views of what subjects can be technically and profitably taught to his students are bounded merely by the limits of an exhaustive tabular enumeration of all the sciences and all the philosophies. If any one wishes to have his respect for technical education raised, and his own vocabulary of things knowable increased, we commend him to the table in p. 257, which gives a summary of "human knowledge" as it is to be taught in the Technical University. No Athenian Sophist could ever have better demonstrated the easiness of omniscience. "A little knowledge," Mr. Scott Russell reminds us, "is a dangerous thing." And he argues from that excellent maxim, that narrowness of study is the great thing to be avoided in any system of education. We must remind him that there is another and an equally valuable application of the proverb. Many-sided superficiality is probably at least as dangerous as deep-searching narrowness. And if Mr. Scott Russell had not had his attention so exclusively fixed on that aspect of the proverb which favours the display of his theories, he might perhaps have escaped the pitfalls into which he tumbles whenever he ventures within the regions of Latin and Greek. It would not then have been necessary to remind him that "bi-annually" is neither good Latin nor recognised English; and we should not have had to ask him for an explanation of the following extraordinary vagary which appears in page 404:—

There would be written over every skilled workshop the ancient Greek inscription :—

Oὐδεὶς ἀ γεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω;
No man ignorant of geometry enters here.

Mr. Scott Russell has, as he tells us, "had the triple advantage of University education in the humanities, a course of mathematical and theoretical education, and a thorough workshop training." In which part of this triple course did he miss the advantage of realizing the force of the old proverb, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"? which, as he is no more felicitous in his translations than in his quotations of the dead languages, we will render for him into a good technical equivalent. "Don't try to be jack of all trades, or you'll be master of none!"

BLANC'S GRAMMAR OF ART.*

M. CHARLES BLANC, finding that the world in general is in a state of profound ignorance about the fine arts, has kindly resolved to teach it the rudiments of criticism. Paris, he says, fancies itself a second Athens, and yet its millionaires buy all sorts of monstrosities, and allow the works of the august sovereigns of art to pass into other countries. "So that France in the nineteenth century presents the incredible anomaly of an intelligent nation which professes to worship the fine arts, and which neither knows their principles, nor their language, nor their history, nor their true dignity, nor their veritable grace." And then he goes on to tell an anecdote about a dinner at which he met a number of eminent persons all of whom talked about art with that wildly anarchical diversity and that perfect ignorance which are usual in conversations on that subject. Every one

claimed the right to extol what pleased his private fancy, on the ground that there is no disputing about tastes. Charles Blanc resisted this adage as a heresy even in gastronomy itself, and declared that the classic gastronomer, Brillat Savarin, would have revolted against it. However, the eminent guests went on gracefully enunciating absurdities, and the conversation might have ended, as such conversations do usually end, without benefit to anybody present, if a few gentlemen, more modest or more intelligent than the rest, had not inquired whether there existed a book which, without requiring too much time or labour from the reader, would give him elementary notions on the subject of art. M. Charles Blanc found on reflection that he could not recommend any such work, that in fact no such work existed in the French language, and thus the idea of this *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin* suggested itself to his mind.

M. Blanc observes that the education of the French public in art-matters is "complètement nulle"—that young men finish their classical studies without having the most elementary information about the arts of Greece and Rome:—

Tel lauréat brillant et superbe achève ses études classiques sans avoir la moindre teinture des arts. Il connaît les affaires des anciens Grecs, leurs capitaines, leurs orateurs et leurs philosophes, leurs querelles intestines et leurs grandes guerres médiques; mais il ne connaît ni leurs idées sublimes sur la peinture et la statuaire, ni leurs adorables dieux de marbre, ni leurs temples divins.

This is true; and it is as true of England as of France. The condition of the educated classes in Europe generally, with reference to the fine arts, is a condition of simple ignorance; and the ignorance, unfortunately, is of that kind which does not know that it is ignorant. This is due, we believe, to a very natural illusion. The fine arts do not appear to require any study whatever for their appreciation; they have an illusory legibility, and every one secretly believes that he requires no education in order to derive from them such benefit as they may be able to afford. And then this benefit seems vague and uncertain. When the artistic instincts are strong, men are drawn irresistibly towards the fine arts; but when these instincts are weak, or do not exist, it is difficult to persuade men that there can be anything in works of art to reward the devotion of their time. Greek literature is admitted to be a serious study because it is supposed to convey information; but Greek sculpture, it is believed, conveys no information, and is therefore useless. In fact, there exists all over Europe, with reference to the fine arts, a Philistinism difficult to penetrate and enlighten, a far stronger Philistinism than that which sometimes offers a feeble resistance to culture in literature. M. Charles Blanc says that in the knowledge of art the French nation is one of the most behindhand in Europe, whereas in England books which treat of the fine arts are read by every educated person. We fear that M. Blanc has here had recourse to an artifice very common in French newspapers and legislative assemblies—that of somewhat heightening the brilliance of English cultivation in order to throw a shadow on that of France; just as mothers tell their little girls how wonderfully good are those other little girls, their neighbours, without perhaps quite believing it themselves. We happen to be rather minutely acquainted with the sale of books upon art in England, and will only say that when they reach a thousand copies it is a great success. There is not a single writer on art in England, except Mr. Ruskin, who can consider himself quite sure beforehand that his books will pay. No English publisher will reprint review articles upon art; the thing has been tried once or twice, and the results have not been encouraging. In

France, on the other hand, art publications of various kinds succeed better. Writers of note reprint their articles in volumes, which have a circulation of three or four thousand copies. There are periodical reviews in France devoted to art which succeed, and live, whereas our *Fine Arts Quarterly*, though liberally and intelligently conducted, was commercially a failure. We have not in all London such a publishing house as that of Madame Renouard, in the Rue de Tourmon, where you may buy a little library upon art. And beyond this we venture to say that, although the French people are ignorant of art in the sense of having little acquired knowledge on the subject, we have generally found them open to artistic ideas, which cannot be said of our own countrymen. On the other hand, it may be said in our favour that we buy pictures more liberally; but there is a curious distinction between this kind of encouragement of art and the study of it. People go to Exhibitions to be amused, and they buy pictures in order to have the same kind of amusement in their homes, or to furnish their walls well; but this does not imply that they study art at all. Just in the same way they have coats-of-arms painted on their carriages, and crests engraved upon their plate, without taking the slightest interest in heraldry, and without even troubling themselves to learn the difference between impalement and quartering. M. Charles Blanc is old enough to have outlived the illusions of youth, and yet the publication of such a book as this proves either that the French are more studious of art than we are, or else that he is indulging illusory hopes of their teachableness. His book is a very valuable one, and does thoroughly all that it professes to do, but we doubt whether any English publisher would venture upon it.

It is odd that, when M. Charles Blanc speaks of writers on art who are generally read in England, he mentions Burke, Hume, Reid, Price, Alison, Hogarth, and Reynolds, and does not mention the writer who has been more read than all these men put together. Is it possible that Mr. Ruskin's name was passed over in

** Grammaire des Arts du Dessin.* Par M. Charles Blanc. Paris:
Renouard.

simple ignorance? We believe that it is not possible, but that M. Blanc does not recognise Mr. Ruskin, and intentionally ignores him. Orthodoxy does not recognise heterodoxy, and always affects to believe that it exists, if it is to be admitted that it exists at all, in such obscurity that there is really no occasion to take note of it. Now the fact is that, whatever may be Mr. Ruskin's failings, and in spite of the prevailing fashion of speaking contemptuously concerning him, he exercised a few years ago an influence so very powerful that even if it had wholly ceased it would yet remain of greater importance in the history of art than that of Burke, Hume, Reid, Price, &c. What we most object to in M. Blanc, and in the advocates of the classical doctrine generally, is their exclusiveness; we have no objection to practical classicism in art when it is genuine, but the doctrines of the school, as stated and enunciated by the writers who have advocated it, have been too narrow to be truly philosophical. The bigotry which excludes Mr. Ruskin from a list of influential writers on art is simply ridiculous; it is like the prejudice of the Chinese mandarin who ignores the civilization of barbarians, or of the orthodox Wahabee in the heart of Arabia who either is, or affects to be, ignorant of the Empires of the West.

In truth M. Charles Blanc, though really eminent as a connoisseur, is not a great critic, and is not likely to have much sympathy with great critics. We have read everything of his that has come in our way during the last fourteen years, but cannot remember a single original idea of sufficient consequence to make itself remembered, or strong enough to beget other ideas in the general mind of humanity. He is industrious and accomplished, he possesses an immense range of acquired knowledge about art, he is deservedly respected in Paris, and everywhere else where his labours in the field of art are known, and it may be doubted whether we have a single writer or connoisseur in this country comparable to him in traditional attainment. But with all this he occupies in art rather the position of a professor who hands down old knowledge and perpetuates old prejudices than that of a true critic. He has not the critical spirit, his mind naturally submits itself to authority, and loyally defends all long-established reputations; and submission to the authority of famous names is not a virtue in the critic, any more than it is in the man of science. A critic ought to be neither a worshipper nor an iconoclast.

In saying this about M. Blanc we have no desire to lower his position; we merely attempt to define it. A man may be a good practical bishop without the critical spirit; and in the fine arts, as in religion, there is need of men who make it their business to repeat intelligently and intelligibly truths long since ascertained, even though there may be some risk of perpetuating errors along with them. A book like this *Grammaire des Arts du Dessin* conveys hardly any new information, suggests hardly any new thought, but it puts old knowledge and old thought into a form more compact and accessible, and, considering the general ignorance of art amongst educated people, all this will be a novelty to many, and ought to be a boon to them. The book is admirably clear, though necessarily didactic; it avoids with great tact and judgment every approach to unpleasant dogmatism or tediousness. The tone throughout is that of a man of high culture, conveying truths which he believes to be valuable, but does not pretend to have discovered. There is, indeed, a certain advantage in feeling oneself quite free from the necessity of combating received ideas. A man who writes what nobody is likely to contradict is delivered from the irritations of antagonism, and easily preserves that dignity of manner and that suavity of tone which are so often imperilled by the earnestness and eagerness of the neologist.

The *Grammar of the Arts of Design* is the development, in more than seven hundred copious pages, with many illustrations, of a set of propositions which form the headings of its chapters. First, we have eight chapters on the great principles of art, and then come three books—the first on architecture, with a supplement on gardens; the second, on sculpture, with a supplement on gem and medal engraving; the third, on painting, with a supplement on line-engraving, etching, mezzotint, aquatint, woodcutting, and lithography. The headings of chapters form in themselves, when read consecutively, a complete essay upon art, marked of course by an extreme brevity, and yet not so laconic as Goethe's *Essay on Dilettantism*, which was probably written in the same way with the intention of subsequent development:—

Architecture is the art of constructing according to the principles of the beautiful. Beauty in architecture answers to an idea of duty. Two other indispensable qualities are bound up with the beauty of architecture—namely, suitableness and strength. To these three terms, suitableness, strength, and beauty, correspond three operations of the architect, the plan, the section, and the elevation. Sublimity in architecture belongs to three essential conditions—size, simplicity of surface, straightness, and continuity of line. The sacrifice of one of the three dimensions is an element of grandeur in architecture. Different sentiments are attached to grandeur in the different dimensions of architecture. Different races, according to their genius, have marked in architecture their preference for one or the other of the three dimensions.

These may be taken as specimens of M. Charles Blanc's propositions. Let us see how he develops one of them; for example, the proposition that the sacrifice of one of the three dimensions is an element of grandeur in architecture:—

Tous ceux qui ont visité cette basilique fameuse par ses dimensions, Saint-Pierre de Rome, se rappellent le désappointement qu'ils ont éprouvé en y entrant pour la première fois. Ce qu'ils s'attendaient à trouver immense, ils ont trouvé presque ordinaire, et l'architecture les frappant au rebours des intentions de l'architecte, ils ont été surpris de n'être pas étonnés. Les Romains, il est vrai, assurent à chaque voyageur que l'émotion viendra plus

tard et qu'elle n'en sera que plus forte pour être éprouvée. Et en effet si l'on mesure à sa taille les petits angles qui portent le bénitier, on aperçoit que ces petits angles sont des géants; si l'on parcourt l'église en tout sens, on est averti par un commencement de lassitude que le monument est colossal; si l'on compare le prêtre à l'autel où il officie, on finit par se convaincre que les piliers sont prodigieusement énormes et hauts, que la coupole est une œuvre gigantesque; mais ce n'est qu'après bien des calculs, des comparaisons, des rapprochements, que le visiteur en vient à saisir par la pensée l'incomparable grandeur de Saint-Pierre, car tout semble conspirer d'abord à déjouer son admiration, et même lorsque ce visiteur désenchanté essaye, le lendemain, de retrouver l'enthousiasme qu'il s'était promis de ressentir, il retombe sous l'emprise des mêmes causes, et la déception du regard résiste à la certitude de l'esprit. Où est le secret d'une erreur aussi décevante? Il est surtout dans la parfaite concordance des trois dimensions. La hauteur étant très-haute, la largeur très-large et la profondeur très-profonde, ces trois grandeurs se rachètent l'une l'autre et se neutralisent. Si la nef, par exemple, était beaucoup plus étroite, aussitôt l'élévation paraîtrait dénaturée et la profondeur étonnante. Sacrifier une dimension pour agrandir les deux autres était ici un artifice infallible, et, chose admirable! ce mensonge eût servi au triomphe de la vérité, puisqu'il aurait favorisé l'impression vraie, celle d'une incomparable grandeur.

Combien différentes les illusions qu'avaient su produire nos architectes du moyen âge! Guidés par le sentiment religieux, ils avaient sacrifié les larges aux élancements de l'ogive et aux profondeurs du sanctuaire; ils avaient donné à leurs dimensions des apparences merveilleuses et grandi outre mesure des cathédrales qui, dans Saint-Pierre de Rome, ne seraient guère que des chapelles. C'est ainsi qu'avec moins de matière ils élurent plus fortement l'esprit. Ils trompèrent nos yeux dans l'intérêt de notre âme.

The illustrations on wood are given liberally when necessary to the elucidation of the author's ideas, and have been chosen purely with regard to their utility in instructing the reader, not to make the volume pretty and attractive. The difference between the abstraction of antique animal sculpture and the realism of the modern is well illustrated by two figures, one of an antique lion, and the other of the well-known group by Barye—"Tiger devouring a Crocodile." So, again, the difference between a study and a picture is made clear to every intelligent reader by the engraving from a Virgin and Child by Raffaelle, and one from the study from nature by which Raffaelle prepared himself for his task. Again, there is a study by Filippino Lippi for a Saint Michael, from an exceedingly meagre and poor model, showing the need of the ideal. We have not space to enter into any minute discussion of the art doctrines advocated here, to do which adequately would require a volume as large as the one before us; but although M. Blanc is more strictly orthodox than we may claim to be upon art matters, we have no hesitation in very warmly recommending his book. It is full of information, it is most carefully and conscientiously written, it is perfectly clear and intelligible to any generally educated reader, and it fully accomplishes its design. If everybody knew as much about art as this book can teach him, the task of the art critic and the labours of the artist would be relieved to a great extent from the profound discouragement which is due to the feeling that so few are educated enough in art to understand them. We earnestly hope for the day when some copious and valuable text-book like this may be used in the ordinary training of gentlemen.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT hardly falls within the purpose and purview of an article like this to notice anything in the nature of an almanac or annual, however meritorious. The work which induces us to stretch our usual rule in order to include it is one of a somewhat unusual character, as well as of very exceptional value. The *American Year-book** is unquestionably an almanac; it contains everything that is to be found in the most elaborate and in the least pretentious of the books which, under that name, are sold at every stationer's shop in England, and of which every town, and almost every bookseller of any importance, publishes an edition of his own. It unites the contents of an ordinary business calendar, of the less professional astronomical almanac, and of the most perfect political annuals. It is in the last respect that it claims our notice, and in this character it can be compared with no work of our acquaintance so properly as with Mr. Martin's excellent *Statesman's Year-book*. Even to that it is in many respects superior; or rather its scope is wider, and its size so much greater that it has space for much more ample collection of details than the smaller and handier manual can afford. But, besides this, it is a very complete almanac of the more ordinary kind. The business man will find in it every regulation of the law or of the administration that it concerns him to know, and will be enabled on most occasions to dispense with the use of a banking directory. The amateur astronomer will find the situations of the planets given in the manner most serviceable to him—designated, that is, not by their relation to points only to be ascertained by elaborate instruments and mathematical calculation, but by their places among the constellations with which every one who has given the least attention to the face of the heavens is familiar. The political student will find the Constitutions of every State in the Union, not set forth in full, so as to render the mastery of their provisions and their differences a work of dry and tedious labour, but briefly and practically explained. The professional man will find the name and general functions of every State and Federal Court, from Oregon to Florida, and from Maine to California, set forth in its proper place, with the names and residences of its judges and officers. The persons forming the Government of every State are named in order; the periods of their tenure of office, and the times of election, are given; the

* The *American Year-book and National Register for 1869, Astronomical, Historical, Political, Financial, Commercial, &c. &c.* Edited by David N. Camp. Hartford: Case & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

May 22, 1869.]

The Saturday Review.

693

political, financial, and general statistics of each State are very carefully recorded; all that the *Almanac de Gotha* does for European monarchies and principalities, and all that Mr. Martin has done for the Governments of separate nations, is done by the *American Year-book* for the States composing the Union, and for the various Governments of North and South America, Europe, and Asia. The political history of the past year is also given; the finances of the United States are the subject of elaborate explanation and of complete statistical tables; in short, there is no public fact respecting the recent course of American politics that the reader may not learn from some page or other of this volume. A more complete and ample work of reference could hardly be desired, and we certainly do not know of any existing work equally comprehensive and convenient. A good deal of valuable statistical and general information regarding the recent fortunes of the South may be gathered from those parts of the volume which deal with the late Confederate States. It is sufficiently clear from these pages how great and general has been the ruin effected, less by the war than by the subjugation of the country, and its utter disorganization under the rule of adventurers at home and fanatics at Washington. Land, always cheap, has lost one-half of its value. Property of every kind is depreciated. Of the population there are no recent returns; but the state of the country, as shown by other facts, leaves little doubt that the numbers of the people have been reduced, and their industrial and productive power diminished in even greater proportion. For some reason or other, the cotton crops since 1860 are not generally stated—probably because they are very imperfectly known; but wherever a comparison is possible, the falling-off in every species of produce, and especially in the characteristic crops of the country, the chief source of its wealth, is terrible and surprising. Agricultural countries generally recover, for obvious reasons, easily and rapidly from the havoc of war. Economists make only one exception to this rule—where the population has been seriously diminished. The example of the South will introduce a new proviso into future treatises on this point. A country may recover quickly from the mere ravages of war, provided her people are neither killed nor starved, nor yet demoralized and disorganized. The white men of the South are broken-hearted; the negroes are thoroughly demoralized, and, even when they will work at all, are not to be relied on for that kind of steady and constant work which the peculiar agriculture of the South demands. Hence the exports of the country have fallen into comparative insignificance; the number of acres in cultivation is diminishing; the assessments show a general fall in the value of property; three dollars in paper is a fair price in 1869 for land which in 1859 fetched five or seven dollars in gold; and the whole tale of reports, statistics, and political observations is a tale of impoverishment, deterioration, ruin, and despair.

We have received the third and last volume of Lossing's History of the Civil War.* This work may no doubt be counted among those from which the future historian of the great Confederate struggle for independence will derive his materials; but it will certainly help him as little as any book of equal size and pretensions that we have seen. It is not merely bitter and unfair in its tone and biased in its statement of facts; it repeats calumnies which have long since been abandoned in silence by every Republican who had any regard for his own character, and openly repudiated by all who had an honourable respect for truth and decency. The infamous proclamation by Mr. Stanton, imputing to the Confederate Government and its servants complicity in the murder of President Lincoln, is recorded, not only without a word of censure, but in language which implies that it was founded upon at least plausible evidence; while not a hint is given of the fact that the whole of the evidence was afterwards made public, and that the witnesses were convicted of the grossest perjury. In a similar manner the pitiful insinuation against Mr. Davis, that he was taken while attempting to escape in female clothing, is repeated, as if it had not long since been refuted and given up by every one except the persons who first circulated the falsehood. The story of Mr. Davis's last interview with General Johnstone is so perverted as to represent the conduct of both parties in a light exactly the opposite of the truth. The fact is that General Johnstone wished the President to secure his safety by taking command of the army, and capitulating as Commander-in-Chief, and that Mr. Davis refused, because he was trying to escape across the Mississippi and continue the war in Texas. It was for this purpose that he carried with him the remains of the Confederate funds; on which fact Mr. Lossing, without a title of evidence, founds a charge against him and his Ministers of intending to escape into Mexico with the treasures of the fallen Government. There is something unspeakably shameful in charges like these preferred against a man like Mr. Davis—notorious for an almost puritanical virtue both in public and in private life—after he has retired, with health ruined by the cruelty of his enemies, and heart-broken by the calamities of his country, into exile and obscurity.

A volume on American Fishing†, by one who is not only a practical angler, but has evidently given a good deal of attention

to the habits and nature of fish, will have a good deal of interest for a large circle of English readers. Angling in America evidently differs in many respects from the sport as practised in this country. The fish most prized and most frequently caught in the more frequented waters are of a different kind. The bait and tackle used are peculiar, and the fashions of sportsmen are not quite the same as in England. But the observations of the writer on the structure, instincts, and senses of fish, and particularly on their powers of sight and hearing, are applicable as much to English as to American waters, and are by no means devoid of interest. He maintains that fishes can hear, which some authorities deny, but which an unlearned observer who has seen a shoal of minnows start from the shore as soon as a foot was placed on the pebbles some yards distant will be inclined to believe; though more scientific folks may tell him that it is the slight vibration of the ground, communicated to the water, which the creatures feel. He affirms that, like all creatures with convex eyes, and notably deer, fish are near-sighted, and distinguish motion more easily than form. To the latter, indeed, their eyes must be very insensible if they really mistake the artificial fly for the real one, as most readers will agree after looking at the drawings of both as they stand contrasted on our author's page.

*American Chess Nuts** is a somewhat eccentric title for a collection of problems, arranged according to the number of moves required to give checkmate, which fills a large octavo volume, with six problems on each page. A skilful chessplayer condemned to a lonely sickbed or to solitary confinement might find in this volume occupation for many months. The ordinary reader will probably recoil before the mere number of the puzzles which confront him, page after page, and which it would take him a lifetime to solve.

Another volume†, of more general interest, instructs the reader who has a talent for sleight of hand in the performance of a great variety of tricks with cards. Most of these require considerable skill in manipulation. A large proportion, for instance, depend upon the performance in the first instance of the trick called "forcing a card"—a trick against which most choosers are on their guard, and which, therefore, only a very clever manipulator can successfully accomplish. Some, however, and these not the least entertaining, depend merely on arrangement and calculation; and one or two of these bring out a result so unexpected, that it seems absolutely startling at first, and the spectator, even when the process is explained, finds it scarcely more credible than before. Tricks of this kind merely require care and attention and ordinary intelligence; the greater number demand a special skill and dexterity, and no book can teach an average card-player to perform them successfully.

The *Great Metropolis*‡ is a descriptive account of New York, its business, its pleasures, and its appearance, its railways and tramways, its theatres and churches, prisons and hospitals, its traffic by day and by night, by street-car and by steamer, written by a man with sufficient graphic power to produce a very readable article, but without sufficient versatility or tact to prevent the article, when prolonged, repeated, and expanded to the dimensions of a book, from becoming wearisome. The work also contains notices of many of the notabilities of "the Empire City," written with that Republican freedom and unreserve which seems so strange to English readers, who can see no reason why a considerable fortune, a romantic career, a successful stroke in business, or a reputation not acquired in a public capacity, should render a man the common property of every penny-a-liner in the community, should deprive him of copyright in his own daily life, and give the public a right of way through the most private recesses of his mercantile and domestic relations. At the same time, the author is one of the most moderate of offenders in this direction; and his castigation of more unpardonable sinners, and of the "Jenkinses" of the New York press and the newspaper accounts of fashionable weddings, may well atone for his small share in an almost universal practice.

Of the notoriety of the "great metropolis,"§ none is, in his sphere, better known than the Rev. H. W. Beecher, the occupant of "Plymouth Pulpit," from whence proceeds a volume of sermons much less marked by the peculiarities of the preacher—by political declamation, and by levities which, in their close juxtaposition with sacred things, appear profane—than we could have hoped. It is evident that Mr. Beecher has been impressed by the effective homeliness of the earlier Protestant and Puritan preachers, and has striven to imitate it, without remembering that it was effective precisely because it was earnest and natural, while his imitation of it is awkward and offensive; first, because it is

* *American Chess Nuts: a Collection of Problems by Composers of the Western World.* Edited by E. B. Cook, W. R. Henry, and C. A. Gilberg. New York: A. W. King. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The Secret Out; or, One Thousand Tricks with Cards, and other Recreations.* By the Author of "The Magician's Own Book," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

‡ *The Great Metropolis; a Mirror of New York.* By James H. Browne. Hartford: American Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

§ *Plymouth Pulpit; the Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.* From Verbatim Reports by T. J. Ellinwood. First Series, Sept. 1868—March 1869. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

* *Pictorial History of the Civil War in America.* By Benson J. Lossing. Vol. III. Hartford: Belknap. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Fishing in American Waters.* By Genco C. Scott. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

affected, and next, because it is addressed to an audience who are so unused to illustrate the highest interests of life by reference to the lowest, that the attempt produces in their minds a sense of incongruity and absurdity—they are amused and not impressed. There is, too, a lamentable want of reverence and gravity—not of earnestness—in the tone of the preacher. He speaks as a sincere rather than as a devout man, as a man in earnest, but in earnest as men are earnest about daily concerns and material objects, not about those which inspire them with profound awe and solemn veneration—feelings which, we suspect, Mr. Beecher is quite incapable of realizing.

The *Annual of Scientific Discovery** contains a good deal of useful, of interesting, and of curious information, consisting of matter partly original, partly compiled from more elaborate and detailed accounts, partly clipped from scientific journals; information of the progress made during the past twelve months in every branch of science and every department of mechanical industry; of the victories of the spectroscope, and the results of the expeditions sent out to watch the great eclipse of 1868; of the new theories and discoveries in chemistry; of the multitude of inventions to which these have given rise; and of the achievements in machinery which are the wonder and the boast of the age, and the peculiar pride of America. It is a somewhat rough and fragmentary, but a convenient record of the net results of scientific labour during the past year, necessarily imperfect, and serving rather as an index to the fuller information to be found in the archives of the Patent Office, in the scientific journals, and in the papers of the great Societies, than as a complete account of any of the vast number of new facts and theories which it notices; but interesting even to the unlearned, as showing how wide, how various, and how rapid is the progress of human knowledge and power, of man's insight into the secrets and mastery of the forces of nature.

A work by Mr. Parton, the eulogist of General Butler, which we noticed some months ago, denouncing the use of stimulants, and assailing the use of alcohol and tobacco, in the intemperate language and style which universally characterize the advocates of "Temperance," has called forth a very clever and entertaining reply† by a writer who appears to have taken pains to acquire what his antagonist wanted—a real comprehension of the facts and principles affecting his argument—and who has exposed with great force and clearness the inaccuracy of some of the favourite allegations of the Total Abstinence party, and the futility of the experiments on which they chiefly rely. He asserts that all the alleged evidences of the useless and noxious character of alcohol, derived from scientific experience, are vitiated by the radical error of inattention to the influence of quantity. Alcohol in large amounts, like them in similar doses, is a narcotic poison, and, if given in such amounts, undoubtedly paralyses the digestive and other organs, and fails to be assimilated by them. Alcohol in small doses quickens the nutritive processes, strengthens the nerves, restores their powers when exhausted by fatigue, and in many cases has been proved beyond reasonable doubt to serve as food. Tobacco, again, in excess, or acting on an empty stomach, is a purely poisonous and narcotic agent; taken moderately and after a meal, it is shown to be in principle, as every smoker knows it to be in practice, a promoter of digestion. Both are useful aids to the nervous system in a state of life in which it is liable to be frequently and severely overtaxed. Such is M. Fiske's argument, supported by a careful record of facts, and a long list of eminent authorities. The work is interesting, at all events, as a spirited and effective attempt to turn the tables upon teetotallers, and to overthrow the formidable array of ugly-looking facts and misquoted statements by which they have perplexed the timid and imposed upon the ignorant.

How to Make Money‡ is a sensible little volume, treating in a practical and homely form of some of the simple principles of political economy and commercial prudence, and may perhaps convey some elementary instruction in those principles to many whom a more elaborate and scientific mode of treatment would be thrown away.

How a Bride was Won§ is the title of another of Mr. Gerstäcker's splendid American tales of adventure, which, if they fall far behind the novels of Cooper in popularity as in merit, have yet never failed to please the insatiable appetite of boyhood for stories of enterprise and daring, and sketches of savage or half-savage life.

Gardening for the South|| is pretty accurately described by

* *Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1869.* Edited by S. Kneeland, A.M., M.D., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Tobacco and Alcohol.* By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. New York: Leyboldt & Holt. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

‡ *How to Make Money and How to Keep It.* By Thos. A. Davies, Author of "Cosmogony," &c. New York: Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston; Trübner & Co. 1869.

§ *How a Bride was Won; or, a Chase across the Pampas.* By F. Gerstäcker. Translated by Francis Jordan, with Illustrations by Gaston Fay. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

|| *Gardening for the South; or, How to grow Vegetables and Fruits.* By the late W. N. White, of Athens, Ga. With Additions by Mr. J. Van Buren and Dr. James Camak. New York: Judd & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

its title. It is a full and careful treatise on the care and management of a kitchen garden and orchard, adapted to the special conditions imposed by the soil and climate of the Southern and Middle States.

The *Blameless Prince** is the story of a Queen who marries and gives her whole heart to a Prince who sustains a high character in the sight of the people, and retains to the last the affection and reverence of his wife, but is induced by the charms, personal and intellectual, of a lady whom he accidentally encounters at a distance from the Court to break his marriage-vow and deceive his trusting wife. The secret is well kept, until, after making up his mind finally to part with his mistress, the Prince is killed by the fall of a tree on his ride home. The mourning Queen and the desperate mistress meet at his tomb, and the latter betrays her secret. The Queen's heart is broken, and one day, at the unveiling of a statue erected to her husband's memory, the terrible conflict of feeling overpowers her, and she falls lifeless. It is impossible not to remark on the close resemblance of one-half of this story to a reality so recent and so impressive that it is sure to be present to the reader's thoughts at every page of the fiction; a resemblance which is rendered objectionable and offensive by the character of that half of the tale which is purely fictitious. There is much true poetry of thought and feeling both in this and some of the minor pieces; but hampered by a defective power of expression and command of versification which mar the effect.

A series of American school-books†, to which our attention is particularly called, carry the pupil, by a regular series of "spellers" and "readers," from the alphabet to a kind of anthology of moral, historical, and scientific lessons, original and selected, well suited to the higher classes of an elementary school. Our own idea is, we own, that the later volumes of the series are useless; that when a child can once read with ease, it is best to put into his hands books valuable for their own sake, and to make these the text of such further instruction in grammar, composition, and the meaning of words as may be afforded. For those who think otherwise Harper's *Series* seems to be well arranged, and it is decidedly superior to most works of the kind.

* *The Blameless Prince, and other Poems.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Felfox, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1869.

† *Harper's Series.* Willson's *School and Family Readers.* Willson's *Readers, Intermediate Series.* Willson's *Spellers.* By Marcus Willson, Author of "Primary History," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

May 22, 1869.]

The Saturday Review.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—RUBINSTEIN'S Last Performance this Season, on June 1, with LEOPOLD AUER, from St. Petersburg.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

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GERMAN GALLERY, 168 New Bond Street.—EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS. A Series of large Pictures, THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA (most wonderfully illustrating the fulfilment of the Revelation of St. John), and other Eastern Subjects. Painted by A. SVOBODA during his recent Travels in Asia.—Admission, 1s.

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FREE CHRISTIAN UNION.—The FIRST ANNIVERSARY of the FREE CHRISTIAN UNION will be held as follows:

A PUBLIC RELIGIOUS SERVICE in the Large Hall, Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Tuesday Evening, June 1, at Half-past Seven, conducted by Ministers of various Churches.

Services by the Rev. ATHANAS COQUEREL (in French), Pasteur of the French Protestant Church, and Rev. C. KEGAN PAUL, Vicar of Sturminster, Dorset. The Devotional Service by the Rev. WILLIAM MILL, of Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Dalston, and the Rev. JAMES BROWN, of the Tabernacle, Holborn.

The FIRST ANNUAL MEETING, on Wednesday Evening, June 2, at Half-past Seven, at Freemasons' Tavern, in which M. COQUEREL and others will take part. All Persons interested in promoting Catholic Union are earnestly invited.

Papers explaining the nature and objects of the Union may be had from MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

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FRANCE, Paris, 2 Rue Billaud, à l'angle de l'Avenue des Champs-Elysées.—PENSION et vie de famille, pour apprendre la LANGUE FRANÇAISE, chez un PROFESSEUR de l'ACADEMIE de PARIS très-connu. On ne peut recevoir que TROIS PENSIONNAIRES. Trois belles Chambres, avec balcon donnant sur l'Avenue des Champs-Elysées et sur l'Arc de Triomphe.

EDUCATION in GERMANY.—INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, GODESBERG, near Bonn, on the Rhine.—The Principal, Dr. A. BASKERVILLE, is now in London, and will be happy to communicate with Parents wishing to send their SONS abroad for the acquirement of the Modern Languages.—Apply to the Secretary of the English International Education Society, E. M. THOMAS, Esq., 31 Old Bond Street; or to Dr. BASKERVILLE, 30 Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, W.

EDUCATION (First-Class) in GERMANY, including thorough French, German, Classics, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Drawing, Gymnastics, Music, &c. Liberal Table. Kind and judicious treatment, and best Society. Highest references in London.—Address, Pastor F. VILMAR, Foreign School Agency, 40 Regent Street, W.

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BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing repute. The Coffee Room, with extensive Sea frontage, has been enlarged and improved.—Communications to "The Manager" will be promptly attended to. Bedford Hotel Company, Limited.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Delightful Location; 200 Apartments; handsome Public Rooms; Table d'Hôte daily; Telegraph Office in Hotel.—Address, J. BOHN, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

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JAMES WATES, Manager.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths.

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OVERLAND ROUTE.—COMMUNICATION by STEAM with INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, &c., via EGYPT, from SOUTH-AMPTON and MARSEilles.

THE PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY BOOK PASSENGERS, and receive Cargo and Parcels, by their Steamers for—

	From Southampton.	From Marseilles.
GIBRALTAR	Every Saturday, at 2 p.m.	—
MALTA	" "	Every Sunday, at 7 a.m.
ALEXANDRIA	" "	" "
ADELAIDE	" "	" "
BOMBAY	" "	" "
GALLE	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every alternate Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every alternate Sunday thereafter.
MADRAS	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every fourth Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every fourth Sunday thereafter.
CALCUTTA	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every fourth Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every fourth Sunday thereafter.
PEKING	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every fourth Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every fourth Sunday thereafter.
SINGAPORE	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every fourth Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every fourth Sunday thereafter.
CHINA	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every fourth Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every fourth Sunday thereafter.
JAPAN	Saturday, May 15, 2 p.m. And every fourth Saturday thereafter.	Sunday, May 23, 7 a.m. And every fourth Sunday thereafter.

Arrangements having been made with the British India Steam Navigation Company, Passengers, Cargo and Parcels, are now booked through to any of the Ports touched at by that Company's Steamers.

For full particulars as to Freight, Passage, and Insurance, apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, London, or Oriental Place, Southampton.

ACCELERATED MAIL COMMUNICATION with JAPAN. The Mail Steamers of the PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY will, until further notice, run fortnightly from Hong Kong to Yokohama and vice versa, and thence via Shanghai as heretofore. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Mail Service will be continued as at present.

122 Leadenhall Street, May 1869.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

MAYALL'S PORTRAITS, all Sizes, from the Life Size to the Locket Miniature, TAKEN DAILY, 224 Regent Street, London, and 91 King's Road, Brighton.—Charges moderate.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CRESTS, and ADDRESSSES. Designed, and Steel Dies Engraved as Gems. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES. Stamped in Color, Relief, and Illuminated in the highest Style of Art.

CARD-PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d. BALL PROGRAMMES and DINNER CARTES of new Designs arranged, Printed and Stamped with Crest or Address, in the latest Fashion.

STATIONERY of every Description, of the very best quality.

AT HENRY RODRIGUES', PICCADILLY, LONDON.

THE DERBY.—CALLAGHAN'S RACE GLASSES will be found the Best and Cheapest.—224 New Bond Street, corner of Conduit Street. N.B.—Sole Agent to VOIGTLANDER, VIENNA.

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GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

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Easy Chairs made to any Shape on approval.—FILMER & SON, Upholsterers, 31 and 32 Berners Street, Oxford St., W. 1. Factory, 34 and 35 Charles Street.—An Illustrated Catalogue post free.

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Prepared Kid Walking Boots, Elastic or Button, Fancy Toes, Military Heels, 16s. 6d. New Designs in Enamelled or Glove Kid for Croquet or Promenade, 21s. Elastic House Boots, soft Mock Kid or Satinette, 5s. 6d.

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PICTURES, BRONZES, and WORKS of ART on SALE at

39 Southampton Street, Strand. Pictures Cleaned, Lined, and Restored, if in the worst condition. Frames Cleaned or Regilt equal to New. Sales attended on Commission.

CHARLES DEAR, 39 Southampton Street, Strand.

[May 22, 1869.]

THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.

At the THIRTY-NINTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of Proprietors, held at the City Terminal Hotel, Cannon Street, London, on Friday, the 11th of May, 1869;

W. NICOL, Esq., Chairman of the Company, in the Chair;

The Advertisement convening the Meeting was read.

The Company's Seal was affixed to the Register of Proprietors.

The Directors' Report having been taken as read,

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by H. W. BLAKE, Esq., and Resolved:

"That the Report of the Directors, together with the Accounts now submitted, be received and adopted."

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by Lord W. M. HARVEY, and Resolved:

"That the Declaration of Premiums made by the Directors of the Two Shares of this Company, per Share, namely, numbered 500,246, at 20s. per £1, be, and hereby is confirmed, and that these shares be disposed of in the discretion of the Directors, pursuant to the requirements of the Companies' Clauses Consolidation Act, 5th Vic. Cap. 16, Sess. 31 and 32."

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by L. B. REED, Esq., and Resolved:

"That H. W. BLAKE, Esq., Lord W. M. HARVEY, and Colonel J. HOLLAND be, and are hereby, re-elected Directors of this Company."

It was moved by ROBERT W. BILLINGS, Esq., seconded by ROBERT HODGSON, Esq., and Resolved:

"That CHARLES PAXTON, Esq., be, and is hereby, re-elected an Auditor of this Company."

W. NICOL, Chairman.

It was moved by ROBERT MINSTON, Esq., seconded by W. McKEWAN, Esq., and Resolved:

"That the best thanks of the Meeting are due, and are hereby, tendered, to the Chairman and Directors, for their attention to the interests of the Company."

THOS. R. WATT, Managing Director.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

Bankers—MESSRS. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.

Branches in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

At 3 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto

At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of exchange; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sale and Purchase effected of British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Bonds, and the whole variety of the former undertakings.

Interest-drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, Lombard Street and Charing Cross.

Established 1782.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.

The fullest Advantages of the proposed Remission of Duty secured to the Assured at once.

GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

BRITISH EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

22 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Established in 1857.

THE SEVENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS WILL BE DECLARED IN 1870.

ALFRED LENCH SAUL, Secretary.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 10 FLEET STREET, TEMPLE BAR, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

Invested Funds	£1,540,000
Annual Income	200,000

LOANS ARE GRANTED ON THE SECURITY OF LIFE INTERESTS OR REVERSIONS.

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Instituted 1820.

The outstanding Sum assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,800,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £200,000.

The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income. It will hence be seen that ample Security is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurance are granted, and at the most liberal conditions.

The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

A BOLITION of FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.

IMPERIAL FIRE OFFICE,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 PALL MALL.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,600,000.

Insurances can be effected both at Home or Abroad, at Moderate Rates of Premium, and ENTIRELY FREE of DUTY after Midsummer next; meanwhile, the exact proportion of Duty will be charged provisionally.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY,

FIRE and LIFE.

Established 1821, and Incorporated by Royal Charter.

LONDON, 37 CORNHILL; EDINBURGH; and DUBLIN.

CAPITAL, FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

Invested Funds at August 1, 1868	£1,045,613
Annual Revenue from all sources	225,328
Amount of Life Insurances in force	4,000,000

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained on application at 37 Cornhill, London, or of the Company's Agents.

By Order of the Directors,

ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.

JOHN JACKSON, Assistant-Secretary.

COMPENSATION in Case of INJURY, and a Fixed SUM in Case of DEATH, caused by Accident of any Kind, may be secured by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY. An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 is made at Death, and an Allowance at the rate of 2s per Week for Injury.

OFFICES—64 CORNHILL and 10 REGENT STREET.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

DIVIDENDS 5 and 10 to 20 PER CENT.

For Safe and Profitable Investments.

The MAY Number now ready.

It contains all the best-paying and safest Stock and Share Investments of the Day.

CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable guide.

GRANVILLE SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 33 Poultry, London, E.C.

(Established 1852.) Bankers, London and Westminster, Lothbury, E.C.

BENSON'S

WATCHES

Of all kinds.

LEVER

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CHRONOGRAPH.

CLOCKS

Of all kinds.

DRAWING-ROOM.

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CARRIAGE.

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HALL AND SHOP.

GOLD JEWELLERY

Of the Newest Designs.

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BROOCHES.

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Mr. BENSON, who holds the appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has just published a new and embellished Catalogue of Gold and Silver Plate, and Gilt and Silvered Metal Works, and other articles of Artistic Gold Jewellery. These are sent post free for all. Persons living in the Country or abroad can select the Article required, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

25 OLD BOND STREET; AND
THE CITY STEAM WORKS, 58 AND 60 LUDGATE HILL.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.

Per Dozen.

	s. d.					
Table Knives, Ivory Handles.....	13	0	17	0	25	0
Dessert	19	0	15	0	30	0
Meat or Poultry Cutters	5	0	6	0	12	0
Table	27	0	45	0	70	0
Dessert Forks	21	0	27	0	40	0
Table	27	0	36	0	54	0

MAPPIN & WEBB, ELECTRO-SILVER PLATERS.—The Royal Cutlery Works, Sheffield; London Factory, Winsley Street, Oxford Street.

SPoons AND FORKS.—PRICE LIST.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Kings, Thread, Lily, and Beaded Patterns.
Per Dozen.	s. d.	s. d.
Ten Spoons	21	0
Dessert	27	0
Table	36	0
Dessert Forks	21	0
Table	36	0

The most extensive Catalogue in the Trade supplied on application at 77 and 78 Oxford Street, and 71 and 72 Cornhill. MAPPIN & WEBB'S London Factory is in Winsley Street, Oxford Street.

NOTICE.—The ROYAL ACADEMY ROOMS are laid with ARROWSMITH'S SOLID PARQUET FLOORS, one Inch thick.

"The floor is beautifully parqueted with oak and other hard woods, and is an immense improvement upon the dusty boards of the former rooms of the National Gallery; and especially comfortable to walk upon."—*Daily News*, May 1, 1869.

80 New Bond Street, W.

SILVER FIR and PATENT ENAMELLED BEDROOM FURNITURE. See our New Coloured ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of these elegant and fashionable Suites, enameled in imitation of the choicest Woods, so artistically as to be equal to them in effect and durability, and at half the price.

Forwards gratis and post free from LEWIN CRAWFORD & CO., Cabinet Manufacturers, 73 and 75 Brompton Road. Established 1810.

N.B.—See also our Illustrated Catalogue of General Furniture, Carpets, and Bedding (Carriage free), 500 Designs, with Prices and Estimates. May be had gratis.

WILLIAM A. & SYLVANUS SMEE, CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, BEDDING WAREHOUSEMEN, AND APPRAISERS.

6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C.

Ask the favour of a Call to look through their Stock.

SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS (TUCKER'S PATENT).

SUITABLE FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF METAL AND WOOD BEDSTEADS,

May be obtained (price from 25s.) of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, and of

W. A. & S. SMEE,

6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

CAUTION—Each Mattress should bear the Patent Label.

CAUTION.—JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY beg to give Notice that their SPECIAL DESIGNS OF PLAIN AND INLAID ASHWOOD BEDROOM FURNITURE are entered at Stationers' Hall, and each Sheet is marked with their Name as above, and the Address.

20 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, MOORGATE TERMINUS.

Manufactury, Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square.

FENDERS, STOVES, KITCHEN RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES. Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with ornate ornaments, £25 s. to £30 s. to £35 s. Broad Fenders, 3s. 9d. to £2 1s. Steel Fenders, with rich ornate ornaments, from £2 1s. to £3 1s. Chimney-pieces, from 2s. 6d. to £10. Fire-irons, from 3s. 3d. to £4 10s. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating heat-plates.

TEA-URNS, of London Make only.—The Largest Assortment of London made TEA-URNS in the World (including all the recent Novelties, many of which are Registered) is on Sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, from 20s. to £6.

PAPIER MACHÉ and IRON TEA-TRAYS.—An assortment of TEA-TRAYS and WAITERS wholly unprecedented, whether as to extent, variety, or novelty.

New oval Papier Maché Trays, per set of Three, from 2s. to 10 Guineas.

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Coupe shape, ditto, from 7s. 6d.

Round and Gothic Waiters, and Bread Baskets, equally low.

A Catalogue containing upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivaled Stock sent post free.

39 Oxford Street, W. 1, 1, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street ; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place ; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET SERVICES.—The Neatest and Best Patterns always on view.

Every Description of CUT-Glass in great variety.

The Stock has been selected with much care, and is admirably suited for parties furnishing to choose from.

A large assortment of ORNAMENTAL GOODS, combining novelty with beauty.

First-class quality—superior taste—low prices.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. Established 1760.

IRON WINE BINS.—FARROW & JACKSON, Wine and Spirit Merchants, Farnham, Manufacturers of Iron Wine Bins, Bar Fixtures, Spirits Stores, Sealing Wax, and every article required for Wine, from the Press to crush the Grapes to the Decanting Machine for the Table.—18 Great Tower Street, 8 Haymarket, and 58 Mansell Street, London ; and 21 Rue du Pont Neuf, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Honore, Paris.

French Wine Bins—Open, 12s., Locking up, 27s., per 100 Bottles.

EWE N'S BRAN TABLET, 6d.

The Soap for White and Soft Hands.

Also EWE'S SANDAL WOOD TABLETS.

Sold everywhere by Chemists, Grocers, and Perfumers.

LOSS of APPETITE speedily prevented by the FAMED TONIC BITTERS, "Waters" Quinine Wine," unsurpassed for strengthening the Digestive Organs. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners, &c., at 30s. per Dozen.—WATERS & WILLIAMS, the Original Makers, 2 Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London.

INDIGESTION REMOVED.—MORSON'S PEPSINE WINE, POWDER, LOZENGES, and GLOBULES are the successful and popular Remedies adopted by the Medical Profession for Indigestion.

Also Balsom, Balsom and Boxes from 2s. 6d. with Directions, by THOMAS MORSON & SON, 31, 33, and 124 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London, and by all Pharmaceutical Chemists.

CURES of COUGHS, COLDS, and ASTHMA, by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. W. J. DALE, Chemist, 65 Queen Street, Portsea.—"I consider them invaluable for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, &c." They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—Sold by all Druggists.

May 22, 1869.]

The Saturday Review.

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FAMILY CLARET.....(Vin Ordinaire).....12s.
DINNER CLARET.....(Sound full Bordeaux).....18s.-24s.
DESSERT CLARET.....(Fine flavour Bordeaux).....26s.
Samples, and a Detailed List of other Wines, forwarded on application.
Cellars and Offices, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

STRONG CONGOU TEA, for HOUSEHOLD USE, 2s. 6d.
per lb.; fine Souchong for the Drawing-room, 2s. 6d. Samples free by post.
E. LAZENBY & SON, Tea Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the selected Receipts and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, are compelled to caution the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public. Consumers having difficulty in procuring the Genuine Articles are respectfully informed that they can be had direct from the Manufacturers, at their Foreign Warehouse, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Priced Lists post free on application.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle bears the well-known Label, signed "ELIZABETH LAZENBY." This Label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 1st July, 1858, and without it none can be genuine.
E. LAZENBY & SON, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this Caution, from the fact that their Labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive Purchasers.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Olimens.

E. LAZENBY & SON beg to announce that their POSTAL ADDRESS has been changed from 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, to 90 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square; the Metropolitan Board of Works having directed that Edwards Street be united with Wigmore Street, under the title of Wigmore Street.

COGNAC BRANDY, 45s. per Dozen; Fine Old, 54s.; Very Choice, 75s.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Wine Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W. Samples, and a Detailed List of Wines, forwarded on application.

ALLSOPP'S PALE and BURTON ALES.—The above ALES are now being supplied in the finest condition, in Bottles and Casks, by FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, & CO., at their New Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

FIELD'S "WHITE PARAFFINE" SOAP.—A combination of the purest Soap with trebly refined white solid Paraffine, in Tablets, 8d. and 1s.; is exquisitely perfumed, imparts a grateful softness and suppleness to the Hand, and exerts a cooling influence on the Skin peculiar to itself. See Name on each Tablet and Wrapper.
Wholesale—J. C. & J. FIELD, 30 UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH, S.

ORIENTAL TOOTH-PASTE.—Established Forty Years as the most agreeable and effectual Preservative for the Teeth and Gums.
Sold universally in Pots, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

None Genuine unless Signed JEWBSWYR & BROWN, Manchester.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA, the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion. At 172 New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER or DRESSING will RESTORE GREY or FADED HAIR to its Youthful Colour and Beauty.

It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.

It will promote luxuriant growth.

Falling Hair is immediately checked.

Thin Hair thickened.

Baldness prevented.

It removes all Dandruff.

It contains neither Oil nor Dye.

Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers, in Large Bottles, price 6s.

Desr.—26 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

DR. DE JONGH'S

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